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Artist Sam Cobean is best remembered as creator of the famous nude-in-the-balloon cartoon series, in which bug-eyed males satisfy the creative urge by mentally undressing bounders. The non-regulation wink on 21's fars cover seems to express the patriotic urge for military unification.

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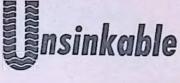
OSCAR DYSTEL Editorial Adviser

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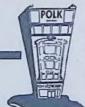
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DISCUSSION

Ray Anthony picks his favorites



HOW HIGH THE MOON

Les Paul and Mary Ford

The voices of Mary Ford combined with the twelve ply guitar work of Les Paul mould a driving interpretation of this standard. One of the great instrumentalists of our day, Les Paul brings a fresh sound, superb technique and musicianship to a record that's a must for your collection.

VOICE OF THE XTABAY

Yma Sumac

Like an outstanding book or painting that marks our times, the Yma Sumac album is a performance worth having. Beyond her amazing range of four octaves, Yma Sumac's voice has an emotional quality appealing as it is different. "The most exciting voice in the world"—says Collier's Magazine.

TOO YOUNG

Nat "King" Cole

When an artist transfers a rich experience to his listener he has achieved his purpose. No popular singer today accomplishes this aim more frequently than Nat Cole. TOO YOUNG exemplifies the touching, wistful quality and the wry humor in Nat Cole's interpretations. This one's a keepsake.

STAN KENTON PRESENTS

Stan Kenton

Stan Kenton's band brings to the stand a discipline, a technique and enthusiasm that has never been surpassed in modern music. Departing from standard forms and limitations, STAN KENTON PRESENTS is an album that exemplifies his search for a new and better way to express the quality of our times.

FOX TROTS recommended by ARTHUR MURRAY

Ray Anthony

Music made for dancers. Pardon the pride, but I'm happy to endorse these sides. For house parties, afternoon dancing, formal or informal get-togethers. All the tempos our audiences like to dance to are collected in one package. I think it's as handy to have around as an ice cube.

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Big Noise In The Alley

Howie Richmond broke all the rules and created a \$1,000,000 music business

By ROWLAND BARBER

Ever since a singing waiter named Irving Berlin took a bus uptown from the New York Bowery with a sheaf of songs under his arm, a legend has been

growing about a mysterious part of the metropolis known as Tin Pan Alley. . . .

Once in a while Hollywood let us peek behind the magic portals. There we watched cynical, eigar-smoking moguls who held the whip over rumpled songwriters, while the

latter banged out their tunes on backroom pianos. The songwriters' names
became American history . . . Berlin,
George Gershwin, Vincent Youmans,
Rodgers and Hart, Jerome Kern, Hoagy
Carmichael . . . but the publishers, the
big boys who ran the show, remained
anonymous and remote. Tin Pan Alley,
they let it be known, was strictly a closed
corporation. Hands off. No vacancies.

"You're crazy," any oldtimer would have told you if you asked how to get started in the music business. "You've flipped your wig. There's just no room for pioneering in this racket."

And then a look at Variety—the weekly paper which follows the song trade would tell you that the oldtimer was right. A mere handful of publishers, the powerhouse boys, would account for all the song hits on Variety's list of favorites. If you had a song, and tried to persuade a star to sing it, he'd look right away for the

publisher's name on the front. If the name was not one of the magic few, he wouldn't even bother to open the sheet.

To break into that field, you'd decide, would take a million bucks and a crate of dynamite.

But now it's happened. The lid has been blown clean off Tin Pan Alley, by a young man who

started out with exactly one hundred dollars, and no dynamite—save his own personality.

His name is Howard Richmond; he's been a song publisher for less than two years now. He hasn't had time to get many tunes out under his label—but maybe you've heard of the few he has produced . . . The Hop Scotch Polka, Music, Music, Music, Goodnight Irene, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena, The Thing, So Long, The Roving Kind, On Top of Old Smoky . . . Two-and-a-half million copies of sheet music sold, over ten million records; total gross for Howie Richmond, close to a million dollars!

Even the big (Continued on page 73)

I'll Take Baseball!

Every other sport is strictly sucker-bait, says this noted star of the Hot Stove League

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

The unsavory basketball scandal which broke in New York City last winter made several colleges seriously consider giving up intercollegiate basketball altogether. This, I think, would be a very good idea, but it would be a better idea to also give up intercollegiate (and professional) football, swimming, track, lacrosse, hockey, boxing, golf, and all other forms of competitive sport-except, of course, baseball.

This is a personal and, I realize, a minority opinion expressed by a man who believes that on the whole competitive sports (always excepting baseball) are dull entertainment at best. They do, of course, give strong-muscled cretins who are barely up to the mental effort required to tie their shoelaces an opportunity to do something which does not overtax their ability to concentrate, and competitive sports (especially those held outdoors in cold weather) are very good for stockholders in National Distillers and Seagrams, but beyond this they serve no purpose at all which I can see. They certainly-God knows-should never be placed in the category of adult entertainment.

Some years ago I managed to bludgeon a



A world-famous reporter, Reynolds has written up riots, revolts and wars—not to mention crucial battles of the Brooklyn Dodgers

Broadway character named Swifty Larue into attending a Pennsylvania-Cornell football game with me. It was his first offense. The game ended in a scoreless tie, and then we hurried from Franklin Field to the club car of a New York-bound train. Comfortably ensconced behind a rye with a beer chaser, Swifty Larue, at that time a business associate of the late Buggsy Siegel, gave me his considered opinion as to the

proceedings he had just witnessed.

"It is like this," he said thoughtfully.
"Eleven boys get on one side; eleven others gather around each other in a huddle on the other side. Then the ball is passed and they all knock each other's brains out, and when they get out of college they are all so punch drunk, who in hell would ever give them a job?"

I have never seen a football game since without thinking of the wisdom of Swifty Larue. The two-platoon system, of course, has removed whatever slight entertainment value football originally had; in an Army-Michigan game I witnessed, exactly 102 players participated in the contest. Who can keep track of 102 names, very few of which the ordinary citizen can even

pronounce? A great many men make their living out of football, and I would hate to see them suffer. I realize that many college players hit a financial peak in their senior year which they will never again attain in later life, and this is fine. I merely want to go on record as saying that the entertainment value of football and all other sports (always excepting baseball) ranks far below even that furnished by Shakespeare in something as dreary as, say, "Twelfth Night."

Boxing was probably once fairly entertaining. I am sure that the good citizens of Athens got their money's worth watching Theagenae, champion of Thasos, during his famous winning streak, when over a period of fifteen years he managed to send 1,425 opponents directly to Valhalla, but the sport deteriorated badly after his death, and today we have to watch a hit-and-clutch artist like Ezzard Charles stumbling through fifteen dreary rounds against a portly, balding Joe Louis or an inept,

elderly Joe Walcott, who would be better employed as a hod carrier. They could abolish boxing and I wouldn't mind it a bit; it does nothing these days but louse up your television screen.

The man who invented golf, of course, should have been strangled in his cradle. Golf originated with dimwitted shepherds

who whiled the time away by hitting stones out of their way with their curved crooks. Ever since then it has been the pastime of our dim-witted citizens. During the lifetime of our republic we have had exactly thirty-three presidents. One of



them was so addlepated that it remains a source of wonder that the easy money boys left the White House in Washington

during his administration. They stole damn near everything else. It is no coinci dence that this president, whose nam was Warren Harding, was a confirmed goli addict. Golf is boring enough to play, but how anyone in his right mind can watch two adult male characters attempting to hustle a little white ball into a little hole is beyond me. Yet otherwise normal people actually do spend their time watching such infantile performances. There are 5.727 golf courses in the United States, and if each occupies five hundred acres, that means that about thirty thousand acres might be restored to usefulness if the silly game were abolished. Golf is the greatest encourager of venal sin in the world, and the lies which fill clubhouses after a game, if added end to end, would reach many times around the earth.

In a modest way I made a little money out of golf, so I shouldn't really blast the game. I made it at the expense of the credulity, the conceit, and the downright cupidity which characterizes the usual player. I was a baseball writer then, cover-

ing the Dodgers at winter training quarters, a sleepy Florida town called Clearwater. Frank Lefty O'Doul was one of our outfielders then, one of the most hep ball players ever to don a uniform. He and I worked out a routine that paid off rather handsomely. (cont. on page 92)



Our New Supermen

They rule the air—the rugged, handpicked guys who jockey the U. S. jets

By ROBERT SELLMER

You wouldn't believe it from the ground, if you were watching the sleek F-80 whoosh effortlessly westward towards the desert, but the kid at the controls was in trouble, bad trouble. He was lost. And he was going too fast to find himself.

As he streaked through the afternoon haze, he could only see in one direction—down. Spotting what he thought to be a railway junction, he frantically scanned his map. But in the thirty seconds that his eyes were on the chart, the Shooting Star had zoomed a good five miles beyond the junction, and it was completely out of sight.

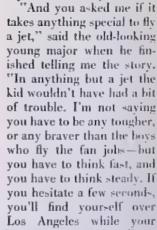
Panic began to fill the cockpit like a sudden, damp

chill. Praying for a better look at the terrain below, the pilot dropped down from his cruising level, knowing it was his last chance; for he was riding a 600-mile-anhour meteor whose monstrous jet ate its kerosene in great, wasteful gulps at low altitude. At the same time he desperately worked his radio direction-finder—but by the time he got a fix he found that the nearest field lay far beyond the limit of his fuel supply.

Only one hope remained: to set down the plane, which landed at a shattering 125

miles an hour, on the scraggly desert floor.

By some miracle, set her down he did. The young pilot climbed out with minor cuts and bruises, but a quarter of a million dollars worth of airplane smoldered in the sagebrush, a heap of worthless junk.



mind is still hanging around San Francisco.

"This is no Gary Cooper, white-carffluttering-in-the-slip-stream racket. My idea of the dream jet pilot is a 20-year-old kid with the split-second timing of a juggler, the eye-muscle reflexes of a big league shortstop, the temperament of a granite boulder, and a summa cum laude degree in engineering."

The major was exaggerating a little, but not as much as he probably thought. The young pilot who had (continued on page 47)



"Thank you for a lovely evening, Ernest. We must try it again next time you get drafted."

"I'm No Cheese Champ!"

"So you think I'm defending my title against bums? Let me clear a few things up . . . "

By EZZARD CHARLES As told to Richard Gehman

Everybody's got a dream — that's the way human beings are, I guess. When I was a kid of about ten or eleven in Cincinnati, I dreamed about being a champion. In summer I wanted to be a great ball player, and in winter I wanted to be a big basketball star — but most of all, I wanted to be a champion boxer.

When I watched the fighters going to train in a gym near our neighborhood, I was fascinated by how strong and muscular they looked and the confident, manly way they walked. I was pretty much of a skinny kid in those days, and I wanted to

be like them.

Kid Chocolate, the great featherweight, came to Cincinnati, and some other boys and I got jobs setting up chairs in the arena. A man told us we'd get paid by being allowed in free, but when the time of the fight came that man was nowhere to be found. I had to listen to the fight on the radio. They told how many suits Kid Chocolate had, and they told about the comfortable way he lived, and I was real gone. From then on, I wanted to be a champion all the more.



In June, 1949, my dream came true—partly. I fought Jersey Joe Walcott, beat him, and became a champion—the sixteenth heavyweight champion since they started keeping records

back around 1882, when John L. Sullivan had the title. But my right to the championship was only recognized by the National Boxing Association; it wasn't

recognized in New York or in England. I had to fight Joe Louis, my boyhood hero, before anybody would say that Charles

was champion.

I beat Joe in New York City last September, and I took the heavyweight crown. But in one way, the dream wasn't altogether true. The way some people look at it, you're only a champion if everybody acknowledges you as champion. Even though I had the title after I took Joe, there was still some doubt in some minds.

For one thing, Joe was past his prime, they said. He wasn't the fighter he used to be back in the thirties, when he was flattening guys right and left with a punch or two and they called him King Joe. A lot of people, sports writers and fans alike, said I couldn't have licked him in his prime. And another thing: after I beat Joe, they said there were no good fighters around, and that I was defending my championship against a bunch of bums.

Now, sometimes, (continued on page 103)





Wolves Are Lousy Lovers

Don't stop making passes, say the gals—but you'd better wise up to the new technique in sex

By HELEN LAWRENSON



The trouble with most men is that they don't seem to realize how often they louse things up with a girl—not through failure to do what will please her, but because of attitudes or habits which annoy her. Even the most attractive guy can lose out because of some one thing which sets a girl's teeth on edge.

Chief among these right now is the assumption that the donning of a uniform, like Superman's cape, endows a man with magic powers.

He seems to feel that he doesn't need anything else. He acts as if the mere switch from civilian attire is the automatic equivalent of some powerful Oriental love philtre on the order of Aw Boon Haw's celebrated Tiger Balm. Working on this theory, shy, retiring country boys become bare-fanged wolves once out of the induction center; and guys who used to spend Saturday nights back home with a book and the radio take to chasing the local town girls like a bunch of satyrs in full cry after the dryads.

Take it on a slow bell, fellows. We love you, but not because of your uniforms. There are certain rules to the game, you know, and even a sergeant's stripes are no excuse to waive them. Since the realm of Sex seems to be a subject of considerable interest to all concerned, let us waste no time getting down to business.

There are fashions in sex the same as there are in clothes. Just as skirts go up and down, and hips come in and go out, so styles change in the types of men who make the nation's feminine hearts go pitty-pat. No girl wants to be stuck with last year's model.

We have had the finale hopper, the sheik, the tough (continued on page 61)





Case of the Invisible Gangsters

Not a suspicious character was in sight, but half a million in cash vanished in three minutes!

By FRELING FOSTER

One of America's greatest robberies was pulled one summer noon in 1934—in broad daylight.

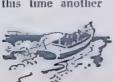


That day an armored truck made a regular stop at the Rubel lee Plant in Brooklyn. Taking the usual precautions, the driver and two guards of the truck glanced carefully up and down the street for suspicious-looking individuals or automobiles. A

group of men were watching a tennis game in a court across the street. Several others were loafing in the cool shade of the ice-loading platform. An ice-peddler in a white apron was standing beside the platform with his pushcart. It was a familiar, normal scene—not a stranger in sight.

The first guard, with drawn revolver, stepped out the front door of the truck, slamming the door after him—the signal for the second guard to leave the truck. But within the next two or three seconds the "ice peddler" and one of the "loafers" grabbed two submachine guns hidden in the ice cart, sidled up beside the truck and, as the second guard stepped out, the white-aproned robber pushed his gun through the partly opened door and covered the driver, while his accomplice disarmed the surprised guard. By this time another

"loafer" and two
"tennis watchers"
had joined the gang,
automatics in hand.



While four of them covered the driver, guards and everyone on the platform, the fifth transferred the 24 bags of currency from the truck to two automobiles that quickly pulled up. In less than three minutes the holdup was over and the men had escaped. Twenty minutes later they were aboard waiting powerboats on Gravesend Bay. less than a mile from the ice plant.

The gang of ten had taken more than six weeks to prepare this daring robbery. To become familiar figures at the ice-plant scene, two of the gang had watched the tennis matches several hours daily for a month, two became habituees among the loading platform loafers, and a gangster

named John became an ice peddler, always parking his pusheart within four feet of the spot where the armored truck would stop. Two others manned getaway cars, and three waited to start the powerboats. Though their identity was learned within two or three



weeks, evidence to indict them was not obtained until four years later. The loot totaled \$427,950, in small bills, one of the largest amounts of cash ever taken in a holdup in this country!

What Are Your Best Years?

You can plan the peak of your career today—by learning the five vital clues to future pay

By DONALD G. COOLEY

Baby LeRoy, famous infant star of the movies back in the 1930's, was through, washed up in his career, before he was three years old.

Arturo Toscanini, at eighty-four, is at the climax of a great musical career which

began in 1886.

Somewhere in the future are the best years of your life. And it's entirely up to you whether you rise to that peak in pay, prestige and happiness—or whether you fizz out before you start, like a wet roman candle.

You can't exactly draft a blueprint for those years ahead, but you can get an exciting preview by considering a few very practical pointers. No ouija board or scratch sheet is necessary. It's just a matter of examining certain clues which nearly everybody overlooks in the vital matter of choosing his life work.

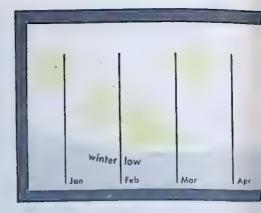
One man quits school to earn a fat paycheck as a mill hand. Another toils away at a master's degree in chemical engineering, knowing full well that he's in for a five- or ten-year grind before he brings home his first professional dollar.

Which man is wiser? Only the men themselves can answer that one. The answer depends on personal desires in life and on ambitions. Until these decisions are made, and you know how you want to live and how far you want to go in a profession, there's no telling whether you're

in for a lifetime of trustration or happi-

So if you still haven't made up your mind, let's consider some factors in the great career sweepstakes. After all, this will be the most important decision—aside from marriage—of your entire life.

The golden age for men, judging from the biographies of successful people, is the decade between 25 and 35. Prof. Harvey C. Lehman, who has made a study



of careers year by year, further found that in many fields, ranging from atomic physics to schoolteaching, from pathology to poetry, the average age of the most brilliant output fell almost every time around 35 years.

The physical prime of life, on the other hand, comes at an earlier time. For top

athletes who depend mainly on skill and co-ordination—golfers or trapshooters, for example—the championship year is about 30. A professional boxer must expect to hobble out of the ring at 35, ready for the old folks' home.

A man's mental peak, although attained a bit later than the physical peak, dribbles away much more gradually. In any kind of creative work, therefore, a young man at his first job can look forward to many, many productive years.

Prof. Lehman, of course, based his studies on people who had a lot of extra stuff on the ball. Most of us will admit that we aren't quite in the genius category. (In fact we're damned glad not to be pointed out in the streets as "that terribly bright young man.") So we'll settle without an argument for fields that require ability a cut or two below Einstein's.

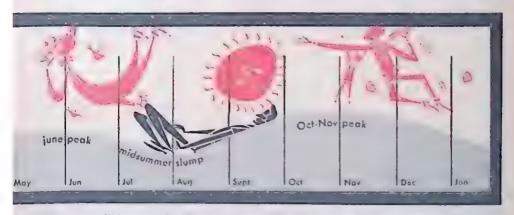
Perhaps, in some of these fields, the

achievement. But, if you have built your career wisely, they will come.

Think of all the "great come-backs" you have heard of recently—Gloria Swanson, Jimmy Durante, the late Al Jolson, for example, who enjoyed, or are enjoying, their greatest triumphs after being temporarily forgotten. Actually there's no such thing as a "come-back." If a solid background has been built in any occupation, the pay-off will snowball in later years.

It's only human to resent the older man working next to you who pulls down a bigger salary. "I could do my job and his too," you say to yourself, "yet look at the lousy check I take home every Friday." Maybe you are underpaid, but don't forget, the more you sharpen your aptitudes when you're young, the keener they'll be when you're older, and that's when the jackpot breaks,

Many an executive clipping coupons



How seasonal slumps will affect your career. Don't be alarmed if your energy falls off in cold weather or in late summer "dog days" — it's a natural physical reaction to climate conditions. Come the langy fall days of October and November you'll be busting out all over again

big money may seem a lifetime away, even after you think you're in your prime. You must remember, in mapping your career forecast, that often highest financial rewards come long after the year of peak today (disturbed by only one worry—his golf score) is taking life much, much easier than when he was a fireball of a genius on the way up. There's no substitute for past ac- (continued on page 111)



When I Was 21

"I lived between backstage and baggage car, a gangly kid with hardly a friend in the world"

By MILTON BERLE

COMETIMES I think that only thing that the changes is the California weather. Back in 1929, I celebrated my twenty-first birthday backstage in a dressing room at the Hennepin-Orpheum Theatre in Minneapolis, Minn. I was playing there in an act called "Milton Berle in Chasing The Blues." The theatre was on the Keith-Orpheum circuit, and that was big time then-that particular week, I recall,

June Clyde and Olive Borden were also on the bill. There were about fifteen people in my act, including my sister Rosalind, who now does the costuming for my NBC-TV show. It was a bright, brassy, fast act, with a lot of flashy costumes, and singers, dancers, and comedy. I was the m.c., and I told the jokes.

The reason I say that nothing ever changes is that my act when I was twenty-one was almost exactly the same as my act today. What do you get from Uncle Miltie on Tuesday nights? Flashy costumes, singers, dancers, and comedy. I'm the m.c., and I tell the jokes. Sometimes they aren't all Uncle Miltie's jokes, but we'll go into that later. Say around 1961, when my new NBC contract expires.

For a twenty-one-year-old, I was doing pretty well. I was making a fair amount of



money, and I was saving some of it because I never got a chance to spend what I kept, and I sent all the rest to my family. There was only one thing on my mind in those days: success. I wanted to forge ahead as a comic and to try to reach the pinnacle.

Because success was so much on my mind, I never had time to do many of the things that so many other guys do as a matter of course. That was in 1929, as I said,

and up until the Wall Street stock market crash of that year, the country was going through a terrific period of prosperity. Everybody was well-dressed, everybody seemed to have enough to eat, everybody was rushing around in flashy little cars. I remember the sports wore plaid golf knickers and caps in those days, and bow ties.

I wasn't a sport, and I didn't pay much attention to clothes because I didn't have the time—or the space in my trunk—to carry much besides my costumes. I used to change trains, not clothes. Once I remember a guy asking me if I slept in pajamas. "No," I said. "Baggage cars."

I was a lot lighter in those days than I am today—I weighed around 138, and I was a gangly, nervous kid. When I was working in a theatre, I couldn't wait to get onstage. I used to stand in the

wings and fidget, watching the other acts, wishing they'd hurry up. While I was standing there, I learned a lot about the other acts, too. I studied the magicians and got to know all their card tricks. I practiced the hoofers' dance steps in my dressing room. I even got mixed up in the human pyramids, and once or twice I tried working with animals. I must have figured that if I couldn't get by with jokes, I'd try trained bears. I was crazy about show business—and I was determined that if I couldn't be a success as a comic, I was going to be one in some other kind of bit.

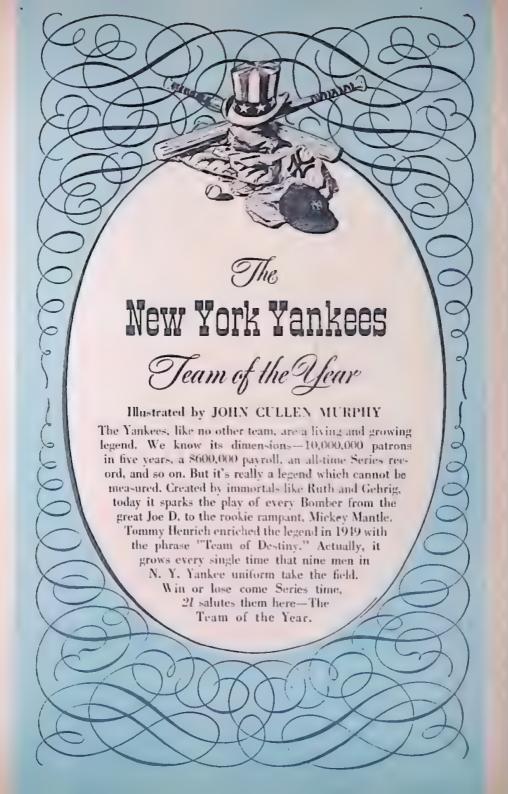
Today I'm thankful for all that study and observation. It paid off, as you know if you've ever seen Uncle Miltie's show. The reason we've got a good show, I think, is because I take a personal hand in everything. When I was around twenty-one I learned to read orchestrations, and I even rehearse the band today on my show. The point I'm trying to make is that I had such an anxiety to get ahead that I wanted to learn everything I could—and I found out, nearly twenty years later, that it proved to be the right thing for me to do.

One thing I've always prided myself on is my sensitivity to criticism. That was part of wanting to be a success, I think. I used to cut out all my notices and study them carefully-and when somebody had some adverse comment to make, I'd try to work it out in the act. The same way with compliments: if somebody said a certain bit was good, I emphasized that one more. But at the same time, I tried to keep my own idea of what was right and wrong for me. You've got to measure yourself and try to find out what you can do, and then stick to your own ideaand the outside comments ought to alter that idea, but not change it altogether.

I remember once a man named Murdock, writing a column called Seat on the Aisle in the Jersey City Journal, said, "No matter where one sat in the theatre, it seemed as though Mr. Berle were doing his routine in the living-room of a home. He directs his show as though to a one-man audience. We hope he never loses that technique." I never forgot that—even during the times when there were so few people in the house that it seemed as though I was playing to a one-man audience.

There was one thing that troubled me in those days. Everybody ought to loaf and have fun part of the time, and I missed a lot because I was so busy. You might say I never really had a childhood -there was such a big scarcity of fun in my life. It was always work, work, work, and sometimes when I used to look out across those footlights and see other guys my age with their girls, I went half crazy with jealousy. Not that I lacked for broads: I began going around with women when I was fourteen. But I never had time to do the things other fellows did. and I naturally couldn't have a regular girl because I always was moving from town to town. There were times when all I wanted to do was put on a pair of white shoes and act like a crazy jitterbugand every time one of those occasions arose, I had to catch a sleeper for the next city. I was knocking my brains out in those days; I literally knocked myself out, trying to get ahead.

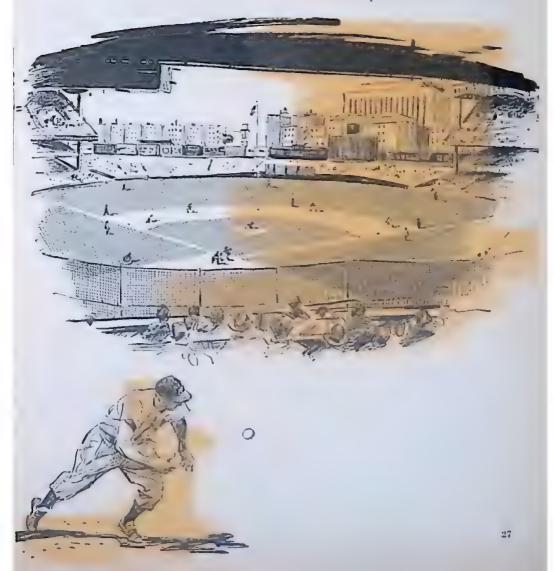
It's hard to decide where ambition comes from. In my case, at first, it must have come from necessity. I got busy selling Berle when I was a kid because I had to. I was born in New York in 1908, and my parents weren't any too well off. I started working in show business from the time I was five. My father was sick most of the time with arthritis, and the only money our family had was what my mother and I managed to bring in. There was Rosalind, my (continued on page 66)

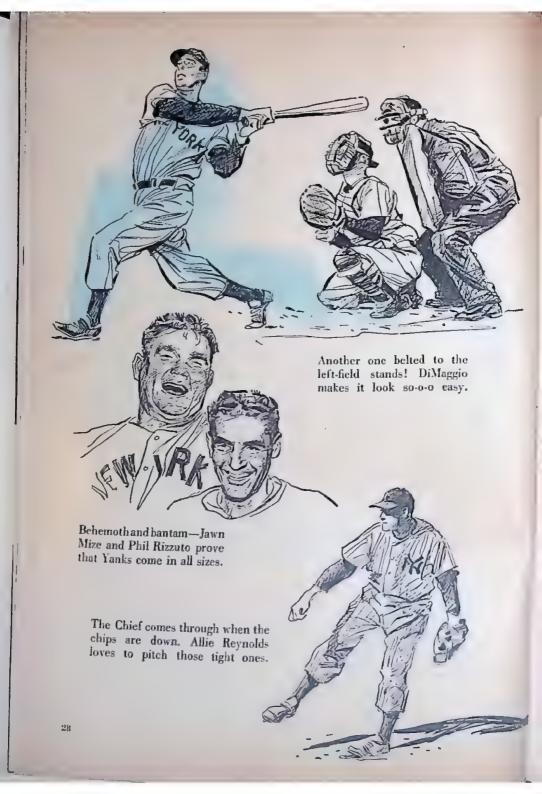


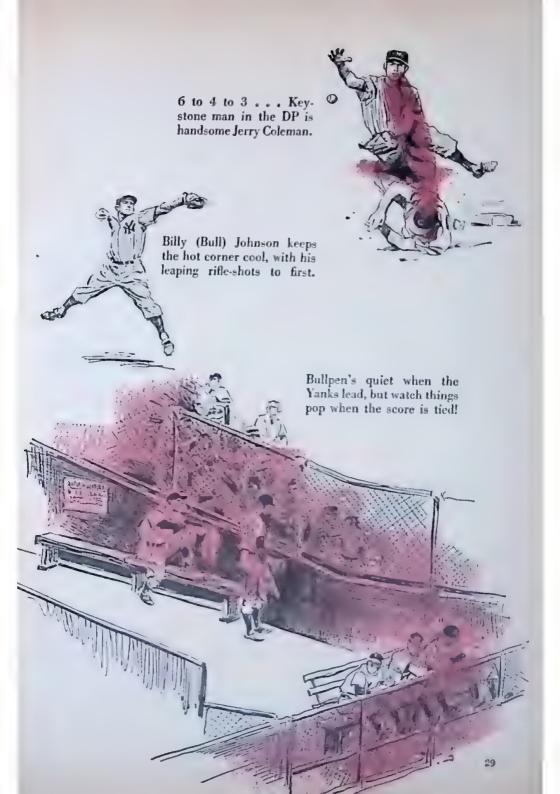


The big meal-ticket. Vie Raschi's powerful right arm pitched the Yanks to 21 wins last year.

The Champions' Flag feels at home in Yankee Stadium, mecca to baseball's most important character—the fan.







The Unknown Planet

The greatest mystery of all time is finally being cracked by the scientists

By NORMAN CARLISLE



One of the turning points of World War II was the massscale invasion of Italy in September, 1943. Curtain-raiser to this

daring move was a softening up of important military objectives by our heavy bombers. Our airmen took off for the big targets—Naples, Rome, Turin—with the finest equipment, the keenest radar, the clearest maps in the world. Their key checkpoint was the 100-mile long island of Corsica.

It seemed that they couldn't miss these fat targets—yet miss they did, by several miles!

To add to the general bewilderment, experts found on checking that all bombloads had been dropped smack on the primary objectives—according to the maps. Then the hitch was discovered: Corsica was in the wrong place on every existing chart! When it was put back where it belonged, the pilots began to report 100% success.

Since the strange case of the stray island, scientists have been rushing to get a better look at our enigmatic earth, not only map-makers but geologists, physicists, chemists, and weathermen.

These men have smacked up hard against the astonishing fact that while we're talking boldly of space travel to explore other planets, our own is a king-

size mystery. Though we've tapped the power of the atom, peered half a billion light years into space, and spied on the once-invisible virus, we still can't answer some of the most basic questions about the globe we live on.

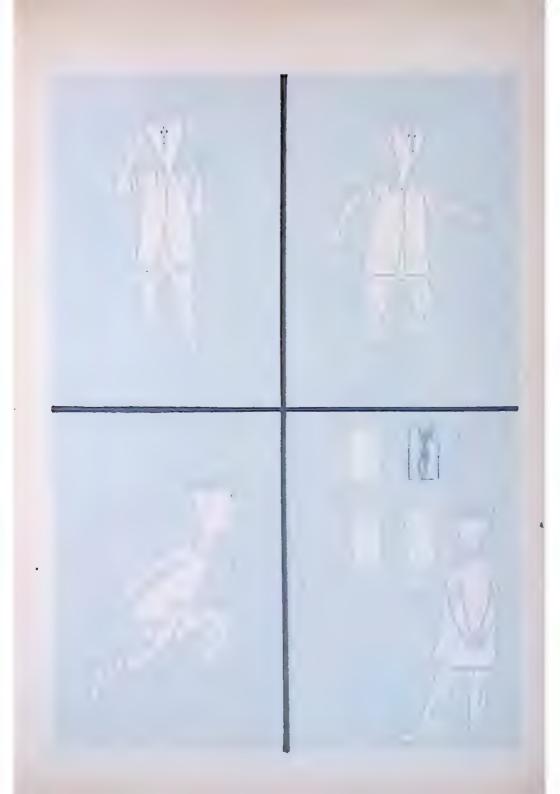
Consider the baffling business of world climate. The big question is "Is our climate changing?" What can we look for in the future—a new ice age, or tropical eras like the ones in which dinosaurs roamed America?

If what's happening now continues, scientists report, there will be palm trees growing in New York and Chicago. There may be another ice age later, but first our part of the world is headed toward an as-

tonishing upward swing in year-round temperature.

That's no idle guess; the scientists have striking evidence. For one thing, there's the matter of the glaciers. The Juneau Ice Field Research Project, sponsored by the Arctic Institute and the American Geographical Society, set out in 1948 to probe these (cont'd on page 57)







In the Listening Booth

A rising bandleader... The cello, harmonica and organ make some surprising jazz

By LEONARD FEATHER

A NEW STAR . . . If you follow jazz, the name of Buddy De Franco may not be a new one to you, since for the past couple of years he has been ousting Benny Goodman from the top clarinet spot in the music polls. In one balloting he outpulled the old King of Swing by two to one.

It's surprising how few bandleaders have had big reps as great instrumentalists. Since Goodman, Shaw and the Dorseys leapt into the limelight in the '30's, they've had no competition in the double-threat field. Glenn Miller was a trombonist, sure—but he always belittled his playing, and never took a solo. Les Brown has an excellent band, but he's a mediocre saxophonist. Woody Herman's band puts out some better-than-middling modern

music, but his own clarinet work is the least modern sound in it.

Thus it's a double pleasure to welcome De Franco to the bandleading fraternity. One of his first MGM releases, featuring his own arrangements of Out of Nowhere and Dancing on the Ceiling, he shows that he can produce sparkling, danceable music that's really fresh—not like warmed-over Stravinsky or ghostly imitations of Glenn Miller.

Georgie Auld has a backlog of

thirteen distinguished years behind his tenor saxophone. On his latest (Coral label) are Man With The Horn and I Won't Cry Anymore, with accompaniment by Dave Lambert's vocal quintet. Result: music that is moody, off the beaten sound-track, and highly listenable.

"New Stars, New Sounds," as a matter of fact, is the title of a recent pair of LP volumes on Mercer Records. The first volume introduces "Wild Bill Davis and His Real Gone Organ," Wild Bill demonstrates to the tinniest-eared skeptics that you can get plenty swingy on a Hammond box. There are also three numbers by the Eddie Shu Quintet. Shu should be made to pay four sets of union dues: in Two Pair O' Shu's he im-

provises solos on alto sax, trumpet, clarinet and harmonica. Bop harmonica is a sound I never expected to hear, but on Shu it sounds good.

Volume II features O-car Pettiford. On four of his numbers he plucks a cello jazz-bass style, and the effects are nothing short of astonishing. The other four have Oscar back at the old bull fiddle. Riding high with him are Serge Chaloff and other notable strays from the Woody Herman band.

All in all, a hot month for cool music.



The Score on Books

Seven up and seven hits
—it's a record year for
good reading on baseball

By WILLIAM H. WHITE

Baseball is having itself a jumbo jubilee. 1951 marks the 75th birthday of the National League, and the golden anniversaries of the American League and the organized minors. To no one's surprise the festive season is setting a record for "books-batted-in," providing plenty of fine reading for rained-out days ahead.

The biggest book of the baseball year is Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson's The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball (\$5). The Baseball Commissioner asked the authors to dig up every known fact, figure and first for a single volume to celebrate the jubilee. Turkin and Thompson have done just that. And for the first time, they've compiled an all-time register of every player and manager's record since 1871. These should settle a million arguments.

The best account of baseball in the diaper days is Arthur Bartlett's Baseball and Mr. Spaulding (\$3)—the story of the young Chicago White Stocking pitchermanager who became "Father of Pro-

manager who becan fessional Baseball."

Great teams and Hall of Fame players since 1903 parade through Lamont Buchanan's The World Series and Highlights of Baseball (\$3.95). Each series is retold and the cream of baseball's

play makers are shown in 250 pictures.

Ted Williams has cut himself a special personality niche as baseball's bad boy. It's understandable, says Tom Meany, in his profile, Ted Williams (\$.50): his non-chalance is misunderstood. Bleacherites ride him and he can't take it. One example is that Ted won't doff his cap to the stands after hitting a homer.

In Three Men On Third (\$2.95), Ira and H. Allen Smith make the most of the best diamond jinxes, anecdotes and oddities. Eddie Collins, for one, always stuck a wad of gum on his cap. If the pitcher got two strikes on him, Eddie invariably snatched the gum from his hat and popped it into his mouth. If he didn't do that, he said, the next pitch was certain to be a strike.

For the baseball beginner, Ethan Allen's Baseball Techniques Illustrated (\$1.50) demonstrates how to bat, scoop up a drive or slide safely. For anyone wanting to be a better bleacher coach, Connie Mack and

Grantland Rice agree that Baseball Individual Play and Team Strategy (\$3.50) by Jack Coombs is the most useful single book. It analyzes each position; tells what to look for and what to expect during every conceivable play.



Who's on first? What is sliding into second? Illustration from the book Three Men on Third



Dumas the Manfish

His incredible penetration of the sea defies natural laws, smashes all records

By JAMES DUGAN

Frederic Dumas, a slender blond Frenchman with a

crew haircut, has probably spent more time roaming around the sea floor than any other man in the world. Dumas has made more than 2,500 bare-skin dives in the Mediterranean and Atlantic, without wearing a diving suit or using air or security lines to the surface. He has spent a total of more than ten weeks in Davy Jones' Locker, swimming free as a fish in depths considered risky even for submarines. His favorite depth is ninety to 120 feet down, on the edge of the twilight zone, where light fades into the black abyss, and where he can associate with great turtles, snakes and octopi.

Dumas has met thousands of sting rays, visited the moray eel in his cave, and has looked up in the watery sky at the eighteen-foot wingspread of the great manta flying past like a superfort. He has searched dozens of sunken ships from bilge to pilot house.

Countless years ago, scientists tell us, man evolved from something that courageously crawled out of the sea. Now Frederic Dumas is returning the visit. He has become a manfish.

Dumas has made many dives down to 200 feet, where pressure six times that of the surface jams against his naked rihs in the dark. He made his deepest dive in 1948, in which he exceeded the greatest depth attained by working salvage divers encased in pressurized armor. Using only compressed air as apparatus, Dumas went down to the amazing depth of 305 feet, for a world's record which was officially confirmed by the French Navy.

Dumas' record-breaking dive happened on what was for him an ordinary chore. A French Navy minesweeper had fouled its cable on an uncharted obstacle on the Mediterranean floor and Dumas was sent for to go down and take a look. When Dumas boarded the sweeper, he found that a plumb line had been lowered, showing a depth of around 300 feet. Up to that time, Dumas had never gone beyond 230 feet.

The plumb line had a series of depth marker boards attached to it; navy regulations require the diver to write a message and sign his name in indelible pencil at the greatest depth attained.

Dumas made (continued on page 80)







The Bull Behind the Plate

Bill Klem, the greatest guy ever to call a strike, made the world safe for umpires

By STANLEY WOODWARD



Some of the sportswriters went to see Bill Klem last February at his house on San Marco Island, the first dwelling you reach

out of Miami in the string of dwellings the Venetian Way connects. It appeared certain that winter day that the Old Arbitrator was dying, and he knew it. Sclerosis of the arteries around his heart made it necessary to keep emergency oxygen tanks by his bed.

But he talked half an hour about the old days in the umpiring business, about his fights with John J. McGraw and some of the decisions he had made that brought down on his head the fury of the New York Giants' dictator, as well as his skirmishes with other fire-eaters of the base-ball diamond.

The boys who went to see him reported that he didn't seem to be particularly worried, just gaunt and feeble, still able to joke with his wife, Marie, whom he always called "The Champ" and to whom he was known exclusively as "My Bill."

"I have lost considerable weight," he told Tom Meancy.

"Lost considerable weight!" Mrs. Klem repeated good-naturedly. "You look like Mahatma Ghandi!"

He kept the boys ten minutes longer than they had been told to stay, and seemed to be sorry when they left. Throughout a career of thirty-nine years of umpiring and additional years as Chief-of-Staff of National League Umpires, they had been his greatest friends. Also they were the perpetrators of a William J. Klem legend which tended toward fiction, yet was essentially true. It established him as the man who made baseball umpiring a profession and set the pace for three generations of Men in Blue—who are today the most respected men on the diamond.

The modern technique of umpiring is pure Klem. His umpirical philosophy—

and please excuse
the shift of a letter
—was that there
never could be any
doubt or delay in
making a baseball
decision. Moreover,
'the finer the decision, the more rapid
and violent must
be the umpire's reaction.

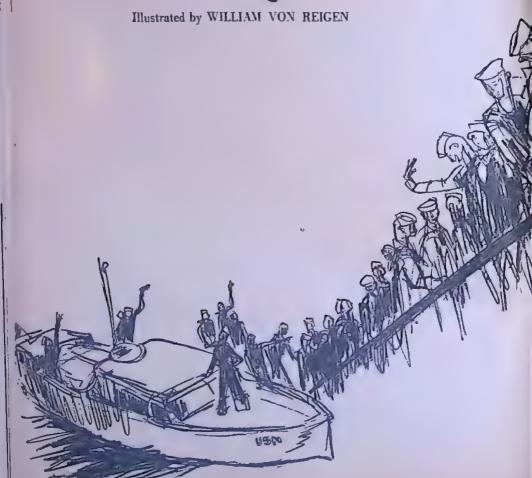
Klem had the voice of a senior herd bull, hoarse, vibrant and deep-

seated. But a deaf mute in the crowd could understand him through the pantomime he established.

Umpiring behind the plate, he accompanied the call of (continued on page 97)



Shou Leave in New York

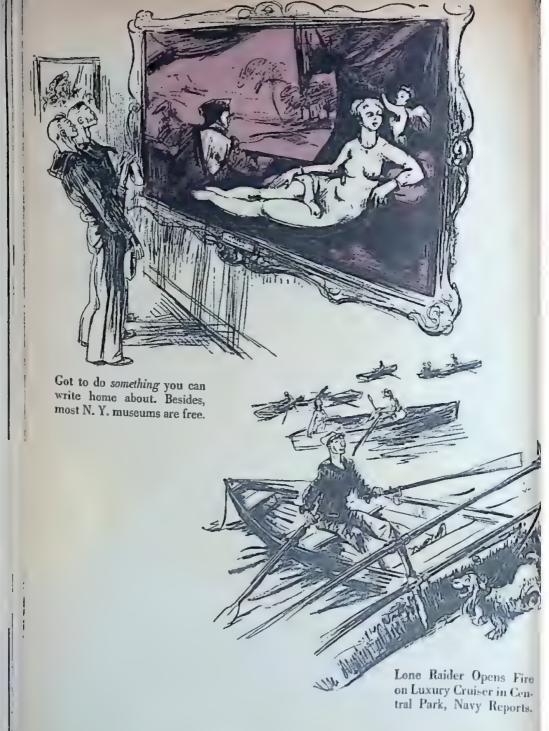




"Just wait'll they turn me loose on the big town!"

This is the one you've been saving up for but right now you stand two blocks from the pier, staring at the traffic and wondering just where in hell, among the million attractions of Manhattan, you'll head for first. Times Square? The Metropolitan Museum? Or that dance hall across the street? Depending on how you hit it, New York is the loneliest or the friendliest city in the world. Anyhow, you're now invited on the town with 21. Count your money, hold on to your hat, and keep a sharp eye out for those two SP's . . .

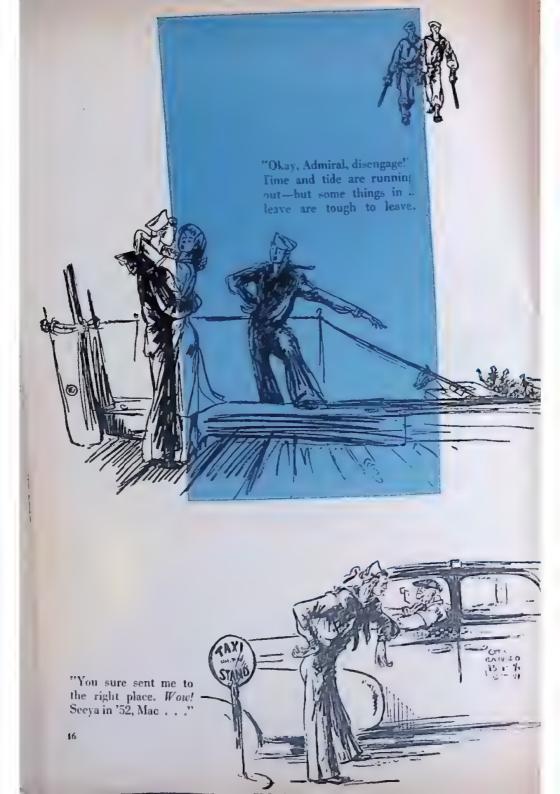












Our New Supermen

(continued from page 13)

crash-landed in the desert was a good pilot, actually, and could easily have flown thousands of hours in World War II fighters without getting into trouble. But he lacked the extra something you have to have to be master of the eight-ton, flame-spitting craft this country relies on so heavily for its defense. Because so few people—some 30- or 40,000 out of 150 million Americans—possess that extra something, good jet pilots are mighty hard to find.

If you dared suggest to a group of jet jockeys that they were supermen, however, you would be hooted off the field, so leary are they of all the "Wild Blue Yonder" talk fostered by movies and starry-eyed reporters.

Or suggest that jet flying is a bonecrushing sensation . . "Hell, man! You want to know what it really feels like to ride a jet? Just sit in a porch rocker and relax. You'll get about as much sensation as you will travelling at 600 in a blowtorch."

Still, this same pilot had to confess, his first flight in a jet was a far greater thrill than his first solo had been. "Man, the way that thing shot off the ground! The way it elimbed straight up with all the noise half a mile behind me, the way we passed an airliner—you'd think it was being blown backward by a hurricane! And the delicate way it did everything I asked it to—I swear there's nothing like it." He looked up sheepishly. "All right, quit your grinning," he said. "Sure I'm proud I wound up on jets. Only don't go tell the Sunday papers."

He has a right to be proud. Because an infinitesimal mistake can cause disaster at jet speeds, because four of these superpowered ships cost the taxpayer a million dollars, and because every one that rolls off the production line is vitally needed for national defense, the Air Force can hardly afford to trust its jets to any eager beaver birdman who can fly a plane. First it has to weed out applicants with searching psychological tests, and then must select from the cadets who finish training (over a third wash out) those few who show just the perfect combination of dash and steadiness.

The men who survive this vigorous screening naturally tend to live in a world apart, for jet flying demands complete mental absorption.

"You've really got to stay sharp if you want to keep with these flying blowpipes," said a jet squadron C.O. "When I was flying P-51's in Italy, last war, I was happy as long as the engine sounded O.K. and there was somebody around I could follow home. Now I'm reading books on physics, arguing about fuel-consumption-altitude ratios, and boning up on supersonic aerodynamics. When I'm too old to drive these babies, at least I'll be in good shape to take over a research lab!"

The need for concentration on their jobs, plus the conviction that flying jets is a thrill that the uninitiated can never share, makes these world-of-the-future fliers stick together. Within the confine-of their little kerosene-scented world they lead the same sort of social life (beer, girls and poker—not necessarily in that order) led by young pilots the world over, but they lead it together, and on a quieter scale than the old barnstormers.

They are also developing their own weird language. Aging World War II pilots returning to duty are puzzled by "Buckets," "blowtorches," "flameouts," "Mach 85's," "thrusts," "B.T.U.'s" and "pipe jockeys"—words that salt the conversation in jet operations rooms. The

new vocabulary is still small, since the engine is the only basic difference between jets and prop jobs. But when the new experimental faster-than-sound planes become operational, you'll need an interpreter to talk to a fighter pilot!

The jet jockeys have other things in common. They are young—average age 22—nearly all bachelors, and somehow they even look alike. They are young because the plane-crazy youngster only has to sweat out two years of college, a cadet requirement, before he can dash off to the nearest recruiting station. And they are young because the Air Force

likes them that way,

"If you plot aircraft accidents by age group," a flight surgeon told me, "you'll find a high rate in the 20–22 bracket, a sudden drop in the 23–28's, and a sharp rise again among pilots over thirty. You'd think the Air Force would prefer pilots in the 23 to 28 bunch, but we've found that a safe fighter pilot and a good one aren't necessarily the same thing. A time will come in every pilot's combat career when he should throw caution to the winds. This kind of crazy courage could very well mean the shooting down of an atom bomb-carrying enemy plane—so you can see why we like the kids."

Youth, not Air Force requirements, is responsible for the unmarried state of most jet pilots. They want a few more parties and a little more rank before they settle down and start making payments on the furniture. This situation is fine with

the Air Force,

"When a guy gets in the air," a squadron commander told me, "and gets to brooding about the wife, the twins and the insurance, he hasn't got the old What-thehell. This can mean the difference between really pressing home an attack, and breaking off before a chance for the kill. If the air war ever comes, it's going to be won by bachelors!" If you saw enough of these super-pilots, you'd begin to think they were really a physical race apart too. Of course, Air Force standards set the general pattern of height and slimness, but there is something in the jet jockeys' faces and carriage that makes them easy to spot.

Like all other pilots, they are a carefully screened group of men who must keep their health perfect, and whose eyes flash the excitement of flying. But the "jet look" has something else: it's the rugged stamp of determination which comes to men who fight the punishing strain of jet flying. Added to this is an aura of genial assurance. They are flying the newest and toughest stuff in the air, and they damn well know it.

Behind this facade, the jet pilot must possess the steadiness of a ferryboat captain and the nerve of a trapeze artist. He must have an auto mechanic's tinkering instincts and the deft touch of a watchmaker. He must be a lightning calculator

- and a homing pigeon.

All these extraordinary traits are packed into a body which can withstand the crushing force of high-speed turns and pullouts, resist the stupefying effects of low oxygen at high altitude, and ward off the "bends" caused by bubbles of nitrogen percolating through blood vessels and muscles when air pressure falls abruptly.

"Everything that can happen to you in a jet, happened to me," said a young Massachusetts pilot back from Korea, "On my third mission I thought I saw a Mig way upstairs and I lit up after him too fast. First thing I knew I nearly blacked out from the pain in my bad knee—football injury—and the nitrogen bub-

Lesson number one.

"Couple of weeks later I was flying top cover for some 29's over North Korea. I was up around (continued on page 51)

bling through that scar like to kill me.





30,000 and I was jerking my head around like a scared squirrel, looking out for Migs. Then wham! The next thing I knew I was flopping down at 12,000 feet with a flameout!

"To this day I can't remember blacking out. I got the blowtorch lit just in time, and then I noticed that I had jerked my oxygen tube loose from the socket-and you don't stay conscious without oxygen at 30,000 feet more than fifteen seconds. My wingman told me later that I had just sort of drifted out of the formation, rolled slowly over on my back, stayed there until the engine conked out-jet engines won't run when you're on your back, you know-and slid off into a kind of diving half roll. This could happen to you in a fan job, too. But jets are made to operate best over 30,000 feet and hereafter, believe me. I'll be more careful about that oxygen tube.

"I'll tell you this, though," he continued. "I'd rather black out in a jet with my knee full of red-hot pokers than I would fly combat in one of those World War II jobs. A jet can really take a beating. And how I love that extra power! I've never dared pour on all the coal I could, but it's awful good knowing it's

there.'

On top of the harrowing physical risks, the jet jockey must face the fact that he has little time to fight. Travelling at such fantastic speeds, he can't waste time aiming and firing his guns, rockets or napalm bombs; he is past or over his target so fast that he must make every shot count, There can be none of the leisurely "spraying" of targets that was so effective in World War II. The jet pilot must be making a perfectly coordinated flight -not an inch of sideslip or drift when he shoots, and this requires phenomenal concentration.

More than two beers the night before and this coordination goes off by the fraction that makes all the difference, and that is why today's fighter pilot is a far more serious character than his P-38 predecessor. He jokes, sure; he parties, he makes deliberate light of his missions, but a vein of rock-bottom stability lies beneath all his kidding.

Even the elementary training of a pipejockey bears little resemblance to the fledgling flights of the 1945-model pilot. When today's jet cadet makes his first solo flight, after a few hours' dual training. he makes it in an elementary trainer four times faster, four times heavier, and seven times more powerful than the best

World War II first-line fighter!

And after graduation he fights. Hundred- are guarding the air over Korea, and at this very moment hundreds more are sitting in warmed-up planes all over the country, ready to take off the minute an unidentified aircraft should show up on the radar warning system. It's a wonderful comfort to Americans to know that our first-line defenders are sleek, incredible dreadnaughts of the air, dozens of times more powerful than the box-kites that brought fame to Rickenbackers and Richtofens.

If I called jet pilots superior beings, I would be guilty of rank romanticism. But if I called them ordinary mortals, I would be guilty of equally rank understatement. The delicately balanced, rare qualities which make a man a good jet pilot-and which keep him a live one-are hard to come by.

The rest of us, politicians, business men, writers, scientists, salesmen, actors, students or whatever, can have our off moments, can afford occasional respite from vigilance and initiative. Mistakes can be covered, Lapses will be forgiven. But at 600 miles an hour you can only slip once.

It can hardly be denied that the American jet pilot has in him a touch of the

superman.



"Remember . . . they're going to peek, anyway."

61/2 Ways to Get Into the Army

Suffering from draftlessness? Baffled by blood tests? By extrscobf? Then this is for You

By ROGER PRICE

(Ed. note: Roge' Price, the youngest soldier ever to fade away—from KP, that is, is the author of In One Head and Out the Other, a scholarly treatise on Avoidism, or the art of "just lying there." If you've read it, you know why 21 is proud to present, in its first issue, the newest satire by America's fastest rising young humorist.

For serious tips on your military career, don't fail to read the vital book condensation, with sample tests, starting on page 117.) the C----t Party. It is difficult. I know from personal experience.

The thing to do is approach the problem logically and scientifically.

Some Young Men when appearing at the Recruiting Office foolishly complain about obscure backaches, or they stick ice picks in their ears, jump from bureaus and flatten their feet, or take pills to increase their pulse. By so doing they unwittingly make themselves ineligible for

Fig. 1. Types of sergeants you will meet











Friendly

Understanding

Warm-hearted

Motherly

Fun-loving

Lately, many Young Men have been asking me how they can be sure their application for membership in the Army will be accepted. I can only say that there is no sure way. However, preparing yourself beforehand for the rigorous entrance tests (i.e., by reading this excellent article) will increase your chances 100

Some people may tell you that it isn't hard to get into the Army. These people tre wrong-thinkers and probably unregistered foreign agents or members of the Service. Avoid these pitfalls.

It is no wonder the Army is becoming more exclusive when one considers the many advantages it offers. Let us consider just a few of them.

idvantages Offered by the Army

(1) The Army offers you companionship. No more eating supper all alone, No more sleeping in empty bedrooms. No more lonely bathing. Or toothbrushing. Or anything. (2) The Army offers you "Big Brothers." They are called Sergeants. Illustrated on p. 53 (Figure 1) are the Five Basic Types of Helpful Sergeants in the Army. (3) The Army makes use your civilian pation. My second cousin Pettigrew, for example, was an inventor (his latest was a doll that changes dolls that wet). The Army tests showed up his mechanical ingenuity and now he has a rating: Technical Sergeant 3rd Class (E-5) in Charge of Fixing the Slot Machines in the Officers Club.

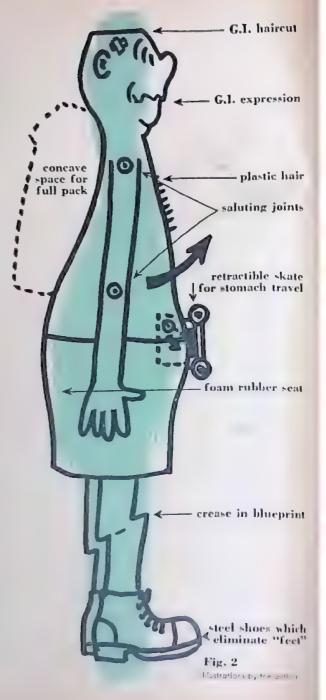
So much for advantages. Now to approach the actual problems.

The "Physical"

The Army attaches great importance to physical fitness, in keeping with their slogan "The Army Builds Men" (see Figure 2, on this page).*

In taking the physical, your clothes and personal belongings will be taken from you and you will have to stand around for several hours in a room with three or four hundred other naked men. In my own case an exception was made and I was permitted to wear my underwear. Actually I was ordered to wear my underwear by the Medical Officer, who

*The Army does not build Women. Do not write me comments about this.



claimed that the laughing and snickering among the other men upset Army morale.

How to Pass the Chest Examination

When approaching the Examiner assume a Military Bearing ("Military Bearing" is an Army term and is not to be confused with Roller Bearing or J. G. Bearing, an Insurance Broker who lives upstairs from me and complains about my typing at night. Insurance Brokers are unstable. Avoid them). The proper posture can be achieved by pulling your stomach in, pushing your chest out and throwing your head back.

A word of warning — do not overdo this. A Young Man four places ahead of me in line threw his head back so far it rolled under a desk. In an effort to be helpful I threw it back to him and was given an unwarranted reprimand about playing volleyball.*

How to Pass the Blood Test

Bleed.

How to Pass the Nerve Reflex test

The only thing you can do to steady your reflexes is get plenty of rest. Eat a light breakfast and stay away from girls for several hours before taking the test.

Do not try to speed up slow reflexes by taking any sort of stimulant. One Young Man of my acquaintance, C. W. Castellaw, had lethargic reflexes and before going for his exam he ate 45 benzedrine tablets. When the Doctor tapped him on the knee with a little hammer, Castellaw kicked a Colonel's hat off. And the Colonel was standing over twenty feet away at the time, Castellaw was rejected.**

By a Lt, Carl Gassaway. This man should not be allowed in the Service. He may be a member of the Commet Party. I have written several manuered letters to the F.B.I. regarding this posadulty.

"However, he was offered immediate civilian employment as premier danseur with the American Bullet Theatre.

How to Pass the Eye Test

The secret of passing the eye test is memorizing the fifth line on the Army's Standard Eye Chart. This is the 20-20 line and in the rush of processing hundreds of men, the Examiner will merely ask you to read that one line. The line is EZTRSCOBF.

I have written a little verse which will help you to memorize this line and fix it permanently in your mind. This simple verse is reproduced here. Memorize it at once.

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY NAMED EXTRSCOBE

WHO PURCHASED HERSELF A NEW GRSHTCOBF.

SHE SHOUTED WITH CLEE AND SAID "NOW YOU SEE, MY NAME IS REALLY NOT EZTRSCOBF"

I have had great success with this verse. Last month 12 near-sighted Young Men managed to pass the eye test by memorizing it. (Unfortunately all of them were later rejected for dislocated jaws.)

General Attitude

During the processing period you will be under constant surveillance by the Acceptance Board. They will weed out the Young Men who in their opinion (which is none too good) will not make proper soldiers. So, from the moment you enter the Recruiting Station make up your mind to look like a Soldier, think like a Soldier and act like a Soldier.

As everyone who has read "The Naked and the Dead" and 'From Here to Eternity" knows, the most distinguishing thing about a soldier is the fact that he talks dirty. Be prepared. Spice up your conversation with appropriate profanity such as "Gosh", "Geronimo", "Fooey" and "Oh, Poo!" After you have gotten used to these mild (continued on page 71)



The Unknown Planet

(continued from page 30)

giant rivers of ice in Alaska. Co-leader with Walter Wood was one of America's youngest explorers, 27-year-old Maynard Miller, a geologist. They studied not only the surface of the glaciers, but managed to peer inside them, with the aid of seismic, sonic and radar equipment, and by extracting borings with a hot electric drill that cut down hundreds of feet. Finally, they actually climbed far down inside the crevasses.

Deep in those menacing cracks in the ice, where they felt as if the walls were closing in on them, members of the party discovered that the temperature remains at the freezing point, never going below. Arctic explorers, they learned, could escape fierce sub-zero cold and storms by descending into a glacier! But, most startling, they found that in Alaska the glaciers are disappearing. Guyot Glacier had dropped 1100 feet in thirty years. Muir Glacier has dropped back two and a half miles in just ten years.

This jibes with evidence pouring in from other sources that something strange is happening to the world's climate. Dr. Hans Ahlmann of the University of Stockholm has discovered that Arctic water temperatures have gone up 10 degrees in the past half century. Thirty years ago ships were barred from ice-locked Spitzbergen for all but three months of the year; now that's reversed—they can enter its harbor nine months a year. Hitherto permanently frozen ground in Canada and Siberia is thawing out.

What bothers the scientists is thinking about what will happen if it gets so warm that the polar ice caps melt. This, they figure, would raise the levels of the oceans by 161 feet—enough to flood every major coastal city in the world!

But climate is only one item on a long list of global mysteries. There's the whole dizzy business of the earth's magnetism. That really has the scientists going in great big circles. Everybody knows that the compass needle points north—but why? In its attempts to answer that one, science has never gotten anyplace.

Four years ago it looked as if they finally had something when P. M. S. Blackett, the British physicist, popped up with a nice neat equation showing that electromagnetism is caused by the rotation of the earth; it's just something that happens when large bodies revolve, he figured. Studying the magnetic fields of the sun and the earth he worked out a formula which stated that if the body's mass were this and its speed of rotation that, its magnetic field would be such and such.

Right away, Blackett got some wonderful substantiating evidence that made the scientific world sit up and take notice. Probing the remote depths of space with the telescopes at Mount Wilson and Palomar, an American astronomer, Horace Babcock, discovered that a star named 78 Virginis had a magnetic field. What's more, he succeeded in measuring the field by use of a bit of scientific hocus-pocus called the Zeeman effect.

The big news came when Babcock announced that his figures about the magnetic field of 78 Virginis fitted Blackett's formula exactly! It looked as if the magnetism case had been cracked at last.

For a few months there was considerable rejoicing. Then the scientists were rocked back on their heels by a screwball event out in space. Well, not very far out; it was something that happened to our own sun. Astronomers doing a little routine checking reported this crazy fact.

Old Sol had just up and lost his magnetism. Try as they would, they just couldn't find the sun's magnetic field! Of course the sun hadn't stopped revolving, so down went Blackett's theory. To kick a good theory when it's down, Babcock has since discovered that a lot of stars have varying magnetic fields: now you see them, now you don't.

So the mystery of magnetism remains unsolved. Scientists have an idea that the least we'll get out of finding the answer to this puzzler will be a better means of navigation. Right now the way the magnetic poles are acting is a bit baffling. The things keep moving—as much as several hundred miles over a period of time. The compass points at the magnetic pole, all right—but where is the pole?

Though they have a pretty passable picture of what's inside the earth, the scientists still have plenty of unanswered questions on that score too. They know that there's a continental crust, about 22 miles thick, which "floats" on successive layers of different and increasingly hot matter which go down 1800 miles to the core of the earth, which many believe to be molten iron.

What they're wondering about is what is happening at this core, where incredible pressures exist. At the bottom of that 22-mile thick crust, they figure, the pressure has reached 147,000 pounds per square inch. At a depth of 300 miles it has gone up to 1,176 tons, and at the center of the earth it's around 21,000 tons. That much weight pressing down on an area no bigger than your thumb!

Finding out what's going on inside the earth is no mere pastime for long-haired theorists. Scientists don't know just what all of the practical possibilities of such knowledge will be, but here's a sample: They feel we may be able to tap immense resources of power now locked inside the earth. They've already tried such a

scheme near Lardarello, Italy, where, recently, the earth shook and a great column of roaring steam shot skyward. In this first "steam well," scientists have found a way to capture steam developed by volcanic action. Now they're putting it to work to produce electricity.

That's only a start, and experts predict that heat released from the earth may some day become a major source of power. It's a cinch that in one form or another, there's plenty of spare energy there. Dr. L. Don Leet, director of Harvard's seismograph station, estimates that last year earthquakes alone released energy equal to 4,000,000 atomic bombs.

Along with their questions about what it's like inside the earth, the scientists are asking another one that may be a little startling: What shape is the earth?

You know the earth is round? Then you know something the savants aren't so sure of. They have a sneaking notion that Mother Earth is lopsided.

Sometime soon we'll know a lot more about it, thanks to the efforts of a University of Wisconsin geologist and a group of adventurous students. They're getting a new view of the earth by using a new type of gravity meter which measures gravitational pull with an accuracy of one part in 1,000,000. By measuring gravity at different spots, it is possible to tell the shape of the area beneath it. All put together, these gravity readings should show the true shape of our glube.

Finding the exact shape of our globe is only part of the big job of getting down on paper a picture of the earth accurate enough to be of use in an age of rockets. Col. W. H. Mills, chief of the Army Map Service, has made the startling announcement that actually less than five per cent of the earth's land surface has been mapped in accurate detail! Of course, when it comes to the sea, the percentage of mapped area is even smaller.

The U. S. is rushing to fill in the gaps in this country, which, though the best mapped in the world, is still half uncharted, Cooperation from Canada and Mexico is speeding the process for the North American continent. Though new methods, using radar and aerial photography, help considerably, there is still a lot of ground work, since observations must be made from basic points of latitude and longitude which are known. Hundreds of thousands of such points have now been labelled with little brass markers, radiating out from the central marker at Meade's Ranch. Kansas.

Of course, beyond our own continent are the vast unknowns of Asia. Africa. the Antarctic and Australia. Getting them all mapped is a job that will take decades.

And that's only a few of the hundreds of mysteries that challenge the scientists. The Antarctic Continent is a great white mystery, replete with such puzzlers as oases, areas which are warmer than their icelocked surroundings. In the jungles of Brazil there are huge areas that have never been seen by a white man, much less explored. The same goes for Africa.

When they've finished with the land areas, the twentieth century scientific explorers will still have plenty of work ahead. Beneath the waters that cover three-fourths of our globe are the answers to hundreds of vital questions. What is the explanation of the rivers in the sea, such as the Gulf Stream and the Japan Current? Are the oceans growing or shrinking? Are there lost continents concealed in their depths?

Beyond the water oceans is the puzzling ocean of air. Will new explorations of the stratosphere, and beyond, reveal the secrets of cosmic rays? The northern lights? Meteorites? It looks as if there's plenty of work ahead for the scientists who are trying to pin down the facts about our puzzling planet!

The Briefing Room

By Lawrence Galton

Feet on the desk: Hoisting them up there now and then is a good idea and you can tell the boss so. People who work sitting down, says a Swedish psychologist, lose efficiency as the day wears on, because blood pools in the lower part of the body. Feet up helps the heart pump blood through the body. Feet up, efficiency up.

John Q. You: By the time you're 29, if you're average, you'll have a \$4300 annual income, a car, a mortgaged home, two children. From then until you're 65, you'll pay \$34,700 in taxes.

Speed in sports: Fact is, a man can beat a horse in a 100-yard dash... A golf ball driven by Gene Sarazen was clocked at 120 miles per hour... a Bob Feller pitch at 96.6 mph... a Jack Dempsey punch at 135 mph, and a tennis ball from Bill Tilden's racquet at 151 mph.

New gadgets: A photographic light meter that shows you, directly, no computations needed, the best lens setting in f-stops . . . A roll-up tobacco pouch with a handy nest in it for pipe cleaners . . . a Vibrator (hairbrush size) that not only makes your scalp tingle but keeps hair clean by vacuum action, picking up particles of dust, dirt, dandruff that often are present even right after a shampoo.



"Ethel, when Mr. Monroe comes, will you entertain him until I'm ready?"

Wolves Are Lousy Lovers

(continued from page 17)

guy, the smoothie, the jitterbug, and the wolf. Each has had his day, but once that

day is done, he's a dead pigeon.

Probably no man ever lived who was more adored by females than Rudolph Valentino, flaring his nostrils at them like a fire-breathing dragon. Women swooned, tore their hair, threatened to kill themselves for love of him. Today they go to see revivals of his movies in museums and laugh themselves sick. His love scenes, which once drove women wild with passion, now strike them as funnier than a Marx Brothers comedy.

A later era saw the emergence of the wham-bam school of love, initiated by Jimmy Cagney and perpetuated by Humphrey Bogart and his imitators. For reasons I never could fathom, there was supposed to be something irre-i-tibly charming about slamming a grapefruit in a girl's face, or slapping her around like a workout for a Golden Gloves preliminary. But this technique also went with the snows of yesteryear, to be replaced by the wolf, the hubba-hubba boy who worked on the theory that romantic experience is a matter of quantity, rather than quality, and felt that he was slipping if he failed to make a pass at every girl he met, usually within the first five minutes.

It is doubtful if wolves were ever as successful with women as they thought they were. The publicized archetypes, like Tommy Manville, for example, never appeared to hit the jackpot, no matter how often they married or how many blondes they dated in rapid-fire succession. In an almost national repudiation of the type, the feminine movie fans rallied around actors like John Wayne, Jimmy Stewart, or Van Johnson, depending on their age group. I suppose that up until his marriage, Stewart could have been considered

the most popular bachelor in the country. He represented the average nice guy, shy, natural, wholesome, somewhat bumbling, and certainly no wolf.

Possibly because they are less fashion-conscious than women, a lot of young men today haven't seemed to latch onto the fact that wolves are out of style. Just because that type of technique may have been in vogue while you were growing up doesn't mean that it's accepted today. The chief fault with the wolf is not that he makes passes—that will never go out of style!—but the way in which he does it, and his whole attitude toward women which is, when you come to think of it, nothing less than an insult.

Whether you're in uniform or not, there are things no girl really likes, and you might as well know what they are.

Never, never ask a girl if you may kiss her! This puts the responsibility on her. She has either got to say "Yes" and then stand there like a dummy, waiting for you to follow through, or say "No." Usually, out of sheer embarrassment, she says "No."

On the other hand, do not spring upon her as if you were trying out for the football team and your entire future hung on your success as a tackle. Just because she prefers you to take the initiative doesn't mean that she wants to become involved in an exhibition of Commando technique.

You can usually tell whether or not she will be amenable to your advances. If she has been letting you dance close, snuggling up to you in the car, and acting in general as if you were a combination of Montgomery Clift and Gary Merrill, then you are justified in making a tentative pass. If, on the other hand, she has been sitting on her side of the car and minding her manners, don't (continued on page 63)



expect her to change into a passionate temptress just because you turn off the ignition and make unsubtle advances in her direction. Don't consider a date a failure if she won't smooch. She may have enough sense and enough self-respect to decide she'd like to know you better first. Remember that one reason the wolf is out of style is because he feels he has to rush things.

Don't try to convince her that sex is something that's good for her health, like whole wheat bread. Don't try to make her feel like a kid by telling her you thought she was more sophisticated. Do not put it on a basis of "Oh, come on, be a good sport!" and for heaven's sake, don't take the practical attitude that you've been spending a lot of time and money on her and how about it? Do you expect her to throw her arms around you and exclaim, "Darling, I'll love you forever for taking me to the movies and buying me two Cokes"?

Don't tell her, either, that she's missing something if she turns you down. Never try to hawk your product as if you were selling vacuum cleaners and would like to give Moddom a demonstration. Do not boast about how crazy the other girls are about you and how you know a dozen who would jump at the chance to date you. In fact, don't talk about other girls at all. And avoid as you would the Black Death the fatal error of going into rhapsodies over some other girl's figure!

Along this line, when you are out with one girl, don't start flirting with others. Pay all your attention to your own date. If you try to spread yourself too thin, you'll wind up strictly from nowhere. No American girl likes to be treated like a junior member of a harem.

If she doesn't drink or smoke, let it go at that and don't try to persuade her to have "just one". Don't think that liquor will improve your own batting average, either. No girl ever admires a man for the amount of alcohol he can consume. Besides, what if you get the hiccoughs?

If you're with a blind date and think she's a real drag, don't sit and sulk all evening or try to give her a fast shuffle. It won't hurt you to be nice to her; and a guy who has the reputation of being courteous and agreeable to all girls, even the drips, does himself a lot of good with the pretty ones, too.

Whatever you do, try not to fall into one of the following categories or you're

dead.

1. The Casanova Kid whose chief conversational stock in trade is how often he has scored. Remember, there is an old Chinese proverb which says: "Lot of talk; nobody come downstairs."

2. The Cool Cat who tries to act as if everything is such a bore—and ends up by being one, himself. He loves to talk about Sartre and Katka (I call them the Katka Cats) and pretends to take the attitude

that love is only for squares.

- 3. Le Jazz Hot Cultist who can't enjoy music without dissecting it as he would a dead frog in a biology lab and who would rather discuss it than dance to it. This type is very snobbish about his tastes, and should you so much as mention anyone who is not duly accredited to his own musical hierarchy, he acts as if you had committed some Philistine gaucherie on a par with walking into a record shop and inquiring "What have you got good by Beethoven?"
- 1. The Caper Cutter who clowns in public places and tries to act like a hot rod in busses, subways and streetcars. He labors under the delusion that the louder he is, the funnier, and that cheerleader antics enhance his personality.

5. The Tactless Tommy who ingenuously comments on your bad points: "What big feet you have for a girl!" or "What color are your eyes, honey? They're so small I can't tell." If you have on a new dress, he will endear himself to you for life by remarking, "You look terrible in green." His idea of an appropriately affectionate nickname is something on the order of "Fatso", "Freckles", "Knucklehead" or "Mousemeat".

Then there is the matter of the proper introductory maneuver. Posing as a secret investigator for Kinsey was popular last year among New York wolves on the prowl, but I know of no instance in which it ever gained the imposters anything more than a lot of ribbing from the girls they accosted. It was, however, at least slightly more subtle than that old wheeze, "You look like a girl I used to know." Actually, the best opening wedge when you haven't met the girl is a compliment. "That's the best looking hat I've seen in years!" is a far more effective approach than something like "Didn't I meet you in the funnypapers?"

A friend of mine told me once that she first fell in love with her fiance when he came up to her at a party, a complete stranger, and said to her, "You have the most beautiful laugh I've ever heard." Ashe said to me, "You can't turn your back

on a compliment like that."

Once you're over the first hurdle and start going out with a girl, there's another set of Do's and Don'ts to keep in mind.

When you have a date, it's a smart move to have ready some suggestions on where to go. Don't make her go hunting through the papers to find out what's doing. Don't be afraid to make decisions if she doesn't appear to have any ideas on the subject. Don't let it turn into one of those squirrel-cage routines: "Where do you want to go?" . . . "Oh, I don't care, where do you want to go?" . . . "I don't care, wherever you want" . . .

Avoid last minute changes in date plans. Don't give the girl a nervous breakdown by phoning an hour ahead to say let's go to a dance instead of the movies. She won't have anything ready to wear.

Please be on time. Don't come an hour early and lounge around the house unless her family really loves you. Besides, if you catch her with her wave still set with bobby pins, she'll never forgive you.

Much has been written advising girls that it is their fault if a date turns out dull. They are told that all they have to do is to draw a fellow out, make him talk, listen to him attentively, and so on. This is fine but sometimes it works too well. The man who never stops talking is just as bad as the one who never starts. This is especially true when his subject matter is limited. I went to a dance with a fellow who was all right in every way except that he only spoke on two subjects the entire evening: his childhood and the Navy. At first, it was amusing to hear him tell how he used to climb around the rafters in his grandmother's barn. After three hours, it got a little boring. Even less stimulating were his tales of life on a training ship.

Why couldn't he have talked about something really interesting, like me?!

Seriously, though, lest the preponderance of Don'ts on the foregoing list leaves you with the impression that you might as well give up and become a hermit, let me hasten to reassure you that the going is not really so tough as it may sound. The most interesting thing in the world to a girl is a boy. In fact, I'll let you in on a little secret. We'll like you, no matter what you do. But you have nothing to lose by trying to make it easier for us, Even if you can get by while committing all the errors we abhor, just think of how much better you'll make out if you can manage to avoid them!

The wolf went out of style because his only thought was to please himself and the result was that he didn't even do that. It's up to you to profit by his mistake.

Speak Spanish On Sight!

PARTES DE LA PLANTA usa boja frozas usa pera usa for CONVERSACION

CONVERSACION

¿Es la gardenia un animal? Oh no, la gardenia no es un animal.

¿Es la gardenia una flor? Sí, la gardenia es una flor.

¿Produce música la gardenia? No, la gardenia no produce música.

La gardenia produce perfume.

¿Qué es la violeta? La violeta es una flor.

¿Es la rosa una fruta? No, la rosa es una flor.

¿Es la pera una fruta o una flor? La pera es una fruta.

¿Qué es la hoja? La hoja es una parte de la planta.

¿De qué color es la hoja? La hoja es verde.

¿De qué color es la gardenia? La gardenia es blanca. Speak and Understand Whole Sentences Without Any English Translation— "Absorb" Grammar Painlessly

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H. V. KALTENBORN, radio news analyst, says: "I recommend both book and method,"

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may return it in 5 days Name Address.	for refund of purchase price.

When I Was 21

(continued from page 24)

sister; Frank, who's now my personal manager; Jack, also in show business; and Phil, who is now a producer in California for guess what radio and TV network?

Before telling what I did, I'd like to ell how my mother kept the family together. She worked in department stores as a detective. That sounds like a funny job for a woman, but there was nothing laughable about the way she worked. She used to get up around six in the morning, get us kids all off to school, rush to work. rush home to make lunch for us, rush back to the store, and then quit around three to pick me up at school. Then she and I would start going around to see the theatrical producers.

In a sense, my mother was my only pal when I was a young man (I didn't get married until I was thirty-five). I had friends, sure: as a boy I used to be very athletic, and I wasn't bad at sports. I boxed, played golf and tennis, punchball, baseball. But I was never as close to friends as some people are, mainly because I didn't have the time. It wasn't that I didn't want to; I did. I think I used to get along with other kids pretty well, too. That is, the friends I have today, many of them, I had as a young man. My public relations manager, Irving Gray, is an old, old friend of mine; I knew him when I was twenty-one and playing around in vaudeville.

But the point I'm trying to make about my mother is that she alone encouraged me and believed in me all the time. Without her, I might never have been able to go on and do what I did. She was the spur, you might say: but she was more than that. She was a real friend. She listened to all my troubles, gave me advice, and in general watched over my whole career.

When I first started out-and this is

something that not many people know-I was a child movie star. As a matter of fact. I started out to be a dramatic actor when I was five, for that was when my mother first began taking me around to the theatrical offices. Everybody has heard of the famous old cliff-hanger, "The Perils of Pauline." with Pearl White, but not many people remember that I was in that one, too. I made some pictures with Flora Finch and John Bunny, and I was with Charlie Chaplin and Marie Dressler "Tillie's Punctured Romance." In 1920, when I was 12, I had a good part in "Humoresque," with Vera Gordon and Gaston Glass.

While I was never as big a star in the early movies as Jackie Coogan was, I was doing pretty well—that is, up to about the time I went into my teens. At that time, the same thing happens to child stars that happens to other children. They get older. Except with child stars, it's worse. It means that when most kids are just starting to think about careers, their own careers are finished. One year a child star may be big in pictures, and the next year he'll be nothing.

That's what happened to me.

From about 1921 on, in addition to the parts I had in movies, I'd been playing more or less regularly in an act with Elizabeth Kennedy. We were billed as "Elizabeth Kennedy and Milton Berle, the Twinkling Stars, in Broadway Bound." We sang and danced, and I told jokes. All my life, up to that point, I'd wanted to be a comedian. Somehow, laughter seemed more appealing to me than the applause I got from heavier dramatic work. I felt I could work better if people were laughing at me—they seemed to make me work better.

So I began work- (continued on page 69)





"You the lady that called for the plumber?"

ing on a single to take out on the vaudeulle circuits. At that time, I had as my idols all the people who were big in show business—particularly Jolson, Cantor, W. C. Fields, and in the movies, Charlie Chaplin. I put them on pedestals and I kept telling myself that some day I would be as good as they were, and I tried to

copy their styles.

My single was a smash hit, if you like flops. It laid a bomb wherever I tried it, and I tried it everywhere—I played every latine and junkyard in the country. I played theatres in towns that hadn't had any shows since the first road company of Uncle Tom's Cabin. I broke in the act, if you'll pardon the expression, and you shouldn't, at the State Theatre in Newark, and I played towns like Carbondale, Patchogue, Shamokin, Cedar Rapids—all the small ones.

The reason it didn't go over, which I didn't realize at the time, was that I was a young punk trying to do jokes that weren't suited to my style. I was trying to do things far beyond my age, and peoplejust didn't laugh at a kid making a fool of himself like that. A smart-aleck kid.

I would say, "I got a girl in this town, a regular Venus de Milo. Every time Ioget near her, it's hands off."

Or I would say, "This girl's father's a Major in this hotel downtown—major beds, major get up in the morning. . . ."

They weren't very good jokes to begin with, but coming from somebody my age, they were terrible. On top of that, I tried to sing songs that only Jolson or one of the other big-timers could have handled. My career at that point was marked by milestones of flops.

One of the critics wrote, "Young Mr. Berle is doing stuff that Frank Fay should do. Mr. Berle is too young to put his material across." At first, when I read notices of that kind, I got furious. I asked myself, "What do those guys know? They're just hick town critics, that's all." But little by little I began to realize that they were right—the audiences were agreeing with them.

At length I realized that I would have to begin working harder on my routine, so I took to studying the big-timers again—not just idolizing them, examining them. That wasn't how I got the reputation of

If I Were Twenty-One Today . . .

If I were twenty-one again, and wondering what to do, I believe I'd still make some part of the entertainment business a part of my life. For one thing, entertaining is an education in itself-not only because of the people you meet and the places you see, but because being able to do something in front of an audience, or even in front of a small group, helps your personality develop along broader lines. Everybody, I think, ought to be able to perform in some way, or play some instrument, even if he's got no intention of using it later. The reason for this is simple: it gives you a certain amount of poise, assurance and personality that will come in handy no matter what you do.

There are some things I wouldn't do, too. I wouldn't work quite as hard, I'm sure.

It's had for you, in a way, to work as hard as I did, never to loaf around for a while, never to relax. I never had any fun until after I got successful—and then I wasn't sure that I knew exactly how to have fun the way other people had it.

Yet, when I think about it all, it all wasn't really so bad, I rather enjoyed working hard, as a matter of fact. There's an old saying—and believe me, if there's an old say, I say it—"if I had my life to live over, I wouldn't do it." That saying doesn't apply in my case. If I had my life to live over, I don't think I'd make many changes outside of the ones I just mentioned.

If I were twenty-one again today I'd probably be pretty much the same. Old jokes

and all,

Militon Berle

being a man who uses other people's jokes, however. That came later.

As I got older and more experienced, I began to improve. I must have improved, because they didn't get up and walk out as often as they had before. They didn't laugh, either, but who wants everything? Pretty soon I wasn't playing as many tank towns as formerly, and before long I was being booked around on bigger circuits.

My big break came one day while I was in Syracuse, New York. Jack Haley was then playing the Palace in New York City, and that was about as high as you could go. Everybody dreamed of heading the bill in the Palace. Well, Haley came down with an attack of appendicitis, and they had to have someone to replace him. They sent up to Syracuse for me.

On the train going down, I sweated bullets. The Palace represented everything I wanted in life, and I knew I had to be good. But I didn't think my routine was strong enough. It wasn't distinctive enough, I thought—and I was panic-stricken because I didn't know what I could do to fix it. Whatever I did, it would have to establish me as a personality—and I wanted that more than I wanted anything. It would have to have something identifiable about it, something they would hook up with a fellow named Berle.

When I was ready to walk out on the stage, I still didn't know what I was going to do, exactly. And then, all of a sudden, it hit me. I started off by telling the audience that I'd seen all the big headliners at the Palace and had memorized their gags, and the management figured they were saving money by putting me in. That got a laugh, and then I went on and told some of the other comics' jokes the way they told them themselves. And with each one I would add a line of my own, or a gesture, or a bit of business. That seemed to do it. It caught on right

away, and people began talking about Milton Berle, the comic who used other comics' material. I've never done anything to discourage this; in fact, I've helped it along, and today it's my trademark. Abe Burrows once said, "Milton Berle's got the greatest comedy writers in the world all the rest of us."

That day I was opening at the Palace, I'd figured I'd better hire a couple of shillto work for me in the audience. I went out in front with some tickets in my hand, and I stopped a young fellow about my own age who was walking by carrying some books. He was a student, and I said to him, "How'd you like to see the show free?" He said, "Fine," and then I said, "All you have to do is applaud like mad when I get on and laugh your head off." He did such a good job that first day, laughing and clapping, that I hired him for the rest of the week. Today he's a good friend of mine, and he's tops in his own field. His name is Leonard Lyons.

From that Palace engagement I went on to other big-time vaudeville houses all over the country, and that was how I wound up celebrating my twenty-first birthday with an act that had a cast of fifteen. After that I went into musical comedy, and then came movies, radio, and finally, TV. I often think that one reason I've been able to do what I've done in TV is because I never forgot that critic Murdock's advice: I've tried to keep the quality of playing as though for one person. That seems to be effective in an intimate medium like TV.

But, even though I've done pretty well—and I've just signed a 30-year contract with NBC, as though I haven't mentioned that before—I don't believe I could have done it without all the work, the sweat, and the anguish that went into those early years. And despite the fact that they were tough, I don't believe I've ever regretted them.

61/2 Ways to Get Into the Army

(continued from page 53)

epithets you can practice some of the stronger obscenities such as E----h

When speaking to an Officer remember that the professional soldier has a deep-seated affection for Members of the Officer Class, which he attempts to conceal by kidding, adopting a spurious disrespect and occasional attempted assassinations.

Get a G. I. Haircut (see Figure 2). If

you don't know a Barber who has had Army training, you can give yourself an acceptable G. I. Cut at home simply by leaning too far over the sink and turning on the Garbage Disposal Unit.

Also show you're familiar with Army slang expressions and use them whenever possible during your Interviews. Below is a partial list of these Army slang expressions:

Slang Term	Definition
Dough-boy	Private
Applesauce	Expression of disbelief
Horse-feathers	Same
Gook	Non-commissioned Officer
Sheik	Soldier who wraps puttees neatly
	Soldier who specializes in ro-
	maneing girls
Boche,	
	Soldier with excellent sunburn
Spad	Type of aircraft
Latrine	Bomb shelter
Chow	
Pascudnik	Private, first class
Mess	Blind date
Jolly tars	Sailors
Tin lizzie	Automobile
Fifty-four Forty or Fight	

Aptitude Tests

These tests will determine which branch of the Service you are best suited for. It you do not give them your utmost attention you may be assigned to the wrong Branch with unpleasant results.

In April of 1951 a brilliant Experimental Chemist who should have been assigned to Chemical Warfare was inadvertently given the position of cook for H Company, 4th Battalion, 56th Regiment, USI. The General Staff still hasn't figured out what kind of recipes he used in his cooking but H Company is now the only Unit in the Infantry that does close-order Drill three feet above the ground.

Your aptitude test is in two parts. Do not worry about the basic or preliminary test. It is as easy as falling off a log. As a matter of fact, that's the test. If you man-

age to fall off the log that shows you have aptitude and the second part of the test will measure and classify it.

Note: If you can't fall off the log it presents a problem. Cases of this type are rare and are sent to Officer Candidate School.

The second Aptitude Test is as follows. The Instructor will hand you a big pile of toothpicks or blocks and then watch to see what you do with them. My brother Stanley (Reserve Four-F, Retired) tells an interesting anecdote about this. When Stanley was given the test he took the toothpicks and constructed a life-size Eiffel Tower out of them. Afterwards he was thrown into a state of depression lasting several months when he learned that someone else had already done the same thing with steel.

At this stage of the exam you will also be told to place different shaped pegs in odd-shaped holes. You will have to do the best you can on this. I couldn't understand it. The man who was in charge was obviously inept. He should be removed from Government Service.

If you feel you need further information you can read the following U. S. Army Pamphlet. Pamphlet DA-VEO. 482-27-8807582, SHAEF-HQ, 5-B. 50-332607-GCT4—T/D—7863-T/O MECH. ADJ. USAFI-4809915. AQE. CB/6g-18 AFR-CCT-3 QUAL. ELEC-6673110-AAFD-IDR-7-H.*

General Intelligence Test

I made an excellent score on the-e exams as they are confined to factual questions designed to determine your general level of intelligence and are not astricky or sneaky as some others (I refer to the Psychiatric Test).

Here are a few sample questions with the correct answers. I cannot remember all of the questions but if you memorize the correct answers to these it will give you a head start. This may sound like cheating, but don't worry about it. In order to pass these tests you have to show you have the equivalent of a sixth grade education, so don't take chances.

Sample Questions from Intelligence Test.

In the following questions one answer is correct. Circle the correct answer.

- (1) Milk is obtained from:
 - (A) Bottles (B) Cows (C) Goats (D) Cans,
 Answer: (A),
- (2) What did Gerald T. Steamroller invent?
 - (A) Locomotive (B) Steamroller (C) Judy Canova (D) Lifeboats.

 Answer: (B) The Steamroller. I figured this one out myself from the fact that the man's name "Steamroller" sounds a great deal like the invention "Steamroller."
- (3) Which of the following sentences contains a grammatical mistake?
 - (A) John et all the pickles.
 - (B) John et all the applebuter.
 - (C) John et all the prunes.
 - (D) John ain't feeling good.

 Answer: (B) There should be two "T's" in applebutter.

Conclusion

If you study this article, you should have no trouble getting into the Army. Once you are in, send for my inexpensive booklets telling you how to gain advancement. I am happy to report I have just received this letter from an ambitious Young Soldier whom I have been advising:

Dear Mr. Price:

I have been following your advice on how to get ahead in the Army for five months and today I have the Rating of Sergeant. (signed) Scr. G. M. VOORHEIS (Formerly Lt.-Col., 8th Army Staff).

^{*} This is not the number of Pamphlet. This is the Pamphlet.

Big Noise in the Alley

(continued from page 9)

boys know from that procession of hits that Howie is no fluke in their midst. A gay can be lucky with one smash, but eight in a row is something else again.

"You have to admit," said a veteran song publisher the other day, "that at 33, Richmond is the hottest thing in Tin Pan Alley. It beats me how he did it. What's the kid's secret?"

The secret is that there is no secret, unless it's the perfect combination of imagination, hard work and luck.

Last spring an interviewer referred to Howie as "an overnight success." The young publisher collapsed his lanky frame into the nearest chair, threw back his head and laughed. "But," the reporter persisted, "look what happened. A stranger valls into your office with a song. You publish it. It becomes the number one hit. You're made."

When Howie had recovered from his laughter, he got to his feet, started pacing the floor as he ran a hand thoughtfully through his black, unruly hair. "People probably know less about the music business than any other field in the U.S.," he lesan.

"You know what I had to learn before I could sell a single copy of Music, Music, Music, for example? I had to know the -tyle of every singer and every band in the country, so I could get my song recorded by just the right outfit. I had to know copyright law. I had to know the recording business inside and out. I had to know which arranger to hire, which guy to hire to fix up the words. I had to know all about printing and engraving and contracts. Most important, I had to know perconally about a hundred and fifty disk jockeys all across the country, to make oure my tune would get played. There are forty-eight separate steps in building a song—before you can tell whether it will be a hit or a flop."

He sat for a minute on the window sill of the crowded room, dangling a leg. "Besides," he said wryly, "I had to be crazy enough to publish Music, Music, Music in the first place. It had been turned down by every big publisher in the business."

The Richmond story really began when Howie was eighteen, and a sophomore at the University of Pennsylvania. He had always had a vague idea about going into the music business. During his childhood in Hollis, Long Island, his father had been a song publisher, and Howie was reading Variety shortly after he had put away his Mother Goose.

He also had a vague idea about being a writer, and to be on the practical side, he took a course in public relations, a public relations man being the type of writer who gets to eat regular meals. For a class project he dreamed up a book jacket with a "selling" blurb. The Prof was enchanted. "Mr. Richmond," he said, "this is really a professional piece of work. You could get a job any time you wanted to."

That was all the urging Howie needed. He took an early train to New York with a hundred dollars, his total savings, in his pocket. That original investment has taken a little time to pay off, but it has indeed, at the rate of about 10,000 percent.

Howie Richmond was probably the only employee in America who was ever raised to the salary of nothing per week. He was determined to work for a press agent. But the press agent he singled out was determined not to hire any bright young college boy.

"So we compromised," Howie says today. "I agreed to pay him ten bucks a week to employ me."

His first raise was ten per week, ac-

counting for the record-breaking takehome pay of zero. But three months after that he was raised to \$25 a week. Before

very long he was making fifty.

Even at that astronomical pay (this was before the war, when a steak dinner cost 85ć) the press agent was getting quite a bargain in Richmond. Howie worked a good sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. The clients were mainly orchestras and singers, but the self-graduated sophomore didn't stop at getting their names into the right papers, or getting their records played on the air, which was pretty much the extent of his duties. He accompanied them to recording sessions. listened to their troubles over countless cups of coffee, carried their bags, helped patch up their squabbles. He made himself Johnny-on-the-spot to the music business, and the music business responded by teaching Howie all its trade secrets.

Tin Pan Alley, of course, is no more an alley than Tammany Hall is a hall. It's a collection of restaurants, offices, doorways and newsstands on and off Broadway—an area bordered on the north by a salami sandwich (product of a hangout called the Stage Delicatessen) and on the south by the Paramount Theatre, where press agents hold open season on the public and vie with each other to see who can start the biggest "spontaneous" riots. On a clear day you can see Carnegie Hall.

but nobody ever looks that way.

For every lucky guy who hits the musical top, dozens of dreams go down the drain, the hopes of youngsters who have knocked their brains out to get a song into print, or to audition for a name bandleader. If you don't have the hide of an elephant, the outlook of a riverboat gambler and the patience of Job—Tin Pan Alley is a place to keep away from.

Howie Richmond had these qualities, and more. He had imagination, and he dared to use it. Today he laughs and says, "Hell, I was just too ignorant to be scared!"

Maybe that's why, at nineteen, after his brief apprenticeship to the press agent, he went on his own as the promoter of Larry Clinton's new band. There again, he was more than just a tub-thumper. He helped Clinton pick his tunes, he suggested arrangements, he helped on recording dates. Other musicians soon found it to their advantage to have the energetic young man promoting their records. Among the clients Howie worked for in those daswere Glenn Miller, Guy Lombardo, Gene Krupa and the Andrew Sisters. Two other clients were a couple of kids fighting hard for recognition - kids named Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra.

Howie made mistakes, plenty of them, he will readily admit today. "Some character called Artic Shaw got a band to gether," he recalls. "They asked if I would take him on, but after one listen I shoot my head wisely and said. 'Can't see it Just another imitator of Benny Goodman.'" Howie paused a moment and smiled. "When I make mistakes," he said "I make big ones. Last year I turned down a tune that did all right for itself—If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked & Cake."

Howie learned enough in those heetic pre-war days to fill a five-foot book shell. And he was perhaps the first man in the business to sense the importance of a necharacter on the national scene—the disjockey. There were only three or four of the species turning the tables in those dim, dark days, and Howie made it a point to be their friend. Today he is a first-name friend to all the country's leading jockeys—a group of smooth-talking gent who can really make or break a new song

He learned, too, all the rules and restrictions of popular music, an institution just about as full of do's and don't's at the U. S. Army. For (continued on page 76)



"If hy struggle? Either you've got it or you ain't."

example, you don't publish waltzes, he learned. You don't publish folk tunes. Records are of no importance to the publisher of sheet music. And nobody who is anybody ever sings the songs of an unknown publisher.

Today these rules are about as effective as laws against witchcraft, mainly because Howie Richmond dared to break them all—but that's getting ahead of the story.

Next in the Richmond career came the unmusical matter of the war, which he spent far from Tin Pan Alley, in the Air Force Technical Training Command. Upon discharge, he still wasn't ready. In fact, he still wasn't sure whether he wanted to be a writer, or to stick with some phase of the music game.

He had a short fling at artist management, playing Dutch Uncle, nursemaid and big-dealer to a flock of temperamental singers and handleaders. The one happy note of this job was his discovery of a dusky vocalist named Sarah Vaughan, who has turned out pretty sensationally herself.

Then Howie made one of the first of the startling decisions ("strictly out of left field," as citizens of the Alley would say) which were to earn him the title of Craziest Kid in the Business. At the age of 28, he decided to retire.

He would stay retired, he firmly announced, until he had made the final decision about his career. He vanished from Broadway. When asked where Howie Richmond was, one of his former colleagues shrugged his shoulders and said, "I dunno. He's gone into some monastery, I guess."

Actually, he had gone to Provincetown, the highbrow resort on Cape Cod. There he studied acting and started to write a play. Evenings he read up on his favorite subject, Philosophy. When he came back to New York in the fall, he enrolled for more dramatic courses, and spent all his

spare time in the city's art museums.

Much of the time when Howie was looking at Picassos or rehearsing Shake-speare, he was trying to arrive at a very practical answer to the old question; should he try the literary life, or should he head back for the dizzy domain between the salami sandwich and the Paramount Theatre?

The arguments in favor of Tin Pan Alley were pretty strong. He knew the nation's disk jockeys. He knew all the big-time performers. He knew recording people, managers, press agents—the behind-the-scenes operators. He felt he knew how to pick a good tune. He had, in all likelihood, more contacts in the field than anybody else his age in all of New York City.

Still, he wasn't completely convinced. So when he was begged to take a publicity job with Robbins Music, one of the power-houses, he took it on the condition that he work only three hours a day—to allow time for his beloved textbooks, museum-and dramatic roles.

It was on that part-time job that he realized at last that he had something special to offer the music business. Howie had had a lot of faith in a Robbins song called Again. Robbins had given the tune its build-up—that is, got it played and sung on all the important radio shows—but it never did catch on with the public. It had been thrown into the company ashean when Howie decided to play a strong hunch.

He picked up a Vic Damone recording of Again and took a train to Philadelphia, back to the scene of his first triumph—the book jacket which had launched him into his career. There he buttonholed the city's leading disk jockey, all in the local spirit of Brotherly Love, and played the record for him.

"Hey, this tune's all right!" exclaimed the jockey. "Where's it been all my life?"

look of a week, the song became the oter one hit in Philadelphia. The public, back in New York, were stunned to the sudden rush of orders, and the seg was lugged from the morgue to the front office, where it was given artificial repiration.

Howie Richmond was stunned too—by the pulling power of the record. After his second Philadelphia Story, he began to think there was plenty of room after all attecto-ed corporation of Tin Pan Alley.

About that time an official of Columbia Records suggested that Howie do some special plugging for his two old classmates in the School of Hot Licks, Dinah and frankie, Good deal, Howie thought, He hought a second-hand car, loaded the latest Shores and Sinatras into the back at and set off on the rounds of the disk pokers.

He didn't get very far. At one of his firstops, still in New York, a disk jockey was named Rayburn and Finch pulled a sitch and gave him a record. It was called the Hop Scotch Polka.

That's got a nice lilt to it," Howie said been he had heard it. "By the way, who's the publisher?"

Rayburn looked innocently at Finch, and finch looked innocently at Rayburn. "We thought," they said, "that maybe you'd like to publish it."

For a full sixty seconds, Howie Richmond was a silent promoter, a rare spectade on Broadway. But when he walked out of the studio he was a brand new song publisher, ready to shout to the world the wonders of a ditty called *The Hop Scotch Polla*.

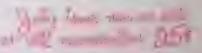
The ditty did O.K. Howie rented an office, about the size of a broom closet, and hired a pert brunette named Irene to preside over telephone and typewriter. But when the popularity of the polka begin to wane, Howie began to wonder if he is boil gotten too big for his britches. He





Yes, there's a new magazine for the girls! It's COMPACT—the purse size magazine that's as new as tomorrow—as sparkling as a solitaire—and almost as exciting as a date with you! They'll love its 132 pages of sophisticated art and articles, features and fashions, facts and fitton. The foremost writers, novelists, experts will contribute to this "guide for gals" that will make them happier, lovelier, more wonderful than ever.

In the first issue: The Story of my
Teens by Esther Williams... Yours is the
Future by Oveta Culp Hobby ...
College on a Shoestring ... The Truth
About Summer Lave ... How to travel
on a Piggy Bank Budget ... The
Compact Summer Plan for Glamour ...
Compact Career Clase Up of Job
Opportunities plus features on fashions ...
books ... music ... parties ...
sewing ... photos ... etc.



Published every other month

hadn't the faintest notion where his next song would come from. He foresaw all that he had learned from his first hit going to waste. He'd have no more truck with contracts, copyrights, arrangements—or royalty checks. There was no choice but to go back to full time promoting. The oldtimers were right. There was no room for pioneering in Tin Pan Alley.

But just at that low point the third ingredient of the perfect combination—luck—walked into his office, in the person of a sawed-off character with an Austrian accent. He waved a manuscript at Irene, who tried to relay the high sign to Howie which signified, "Ix-nay—crackpot."

"I have here a heet!" cried the visitor.
"A positeev heet!"

Something about the man's enthusiasm appealed to Howie. He decided to kid him along, "That's great," he said, "just great. And what's the name of the positeev heet?"

"I call eet Music, Music, Music," said the little Austrian.

Maybe you've thought you'd be ready for a strait jacket if you ever heard the opening strains of Put another nickel in one more time. But consider the case of Howie Richmond. When he learned that the novelty had been turned down by every big publisher in the Alley, he checked and further found out that not a single one had bothered to make a test record of it. He got a small company to cut a disk for him, then he sat back and listened.

"All those people who threw up their hands over a steady diet of Music, Music, Music—they just couldn't take it," says Howie. "I listened to it two hundred times in one week. Then I was sure it had something."

There remains just about one unbreakable rule in Howie's firm; to judge a song by a recording, and a recording only. "I would buy any old tune, if you just played it once on a piano for me," he admits,
"And showing me a sheet of music doesn't
do any good—mainly because I can't read
music."

If Hop Scotch Polka made Howie a publisher, Music, Music, Music made him a business man. There's but one final judge in the case of a popular tune, the U. S. public, he learned. And to get a tune before the public is the real job. "The powerhouse guys," he explains, "spend their dough to get songs performed on the big radio shows—you know, Arthur Godfrey, Bing Crosby, and the rest of the big deals. But to me the big deals are the disk jockeys. They're the ones who get the music to the people."

Even as record sales of Music, Music, Music were soaring to a two-and-a-half million peak, Howie was worrying again about where the next hit would come from. Then one night in Greenwich Village he heard a quartet called The Weavers. The Weavers sang simple, folksy songs to a guitar and banjo accompaniment, songs like Goodnight Irene, So Long, Tzena, Tzena, Tzena, and On Top of Old Smoky. Their brand of music was a thousand miles removed from the Junevmoony rhymes of Tin Pan Alley, But it was irresistible, real make-you-want-tosing music. Why, Howie asked himself, should it be limited to a handful of paying customers in Greenwich Village?

Well, if he were going to flop, he'd flop with a flourish. He made a deal to take over the music of The Weavers, and thereby established the hallmark of the Richmond product. Whatever he would do from that night forward must be rare, unique and different.

When word of this reached the Alley, the sages cackled and said, "Look's like Music, Music has gone to the kid's head!"

Tzena was a folk dance from the new nation of Israel. Goodnight Irene was a folk song, and a waltz to boot, which and a whole new national trend, cliand by The Tennessee Waltz, probably blight hit since the war. This wasn't absted by Howie—but neither was it a polictofany of the Tin Pan Alley giants. It ame from an independent company Isn in Nashville, Tennessee.

Iday the hottest publisher in the He, still works a sixteen-hour day, eight a the office, eight out—talking to disk piers, doing favors for singers, and mantaining good will in general with any-bid who makes or buys music. "Really, In to publisher," he confessed recently. In just a guy who owns some songs I head believe in. I go out and talk about mand play the records for anybody who withsten. I guess the fact that I like my in times is catching. They seem to sell movell."

Iolay the office of the hottest publisher ists of four rooms, one flight up over a lace restaurant. The rooms aren't very but they comprise the busiest, noisiest to outside of the New York Stock Except It's also the only Tin Pan Alley larters to contain, as an inventory commer revealed, a copy of Homer's L. Plato's Republic. The Scottish Student's Song Book, and a big collection of American folk tunes. It's probably the only such office without a piano.

There is no antercoom. If anybody comes around with a tune—or a record he is shootd right in.

Probably the most novel gimmick in Hosie's office is the Disk Jockey Telephone. This line is kept open for the host of the nation's leading platter pures, who may call the private number collect whenever the spirit moves to Only Howie can answer that phone, how it's just to pass the time of day, to put some new low-down on song to crosset up interviews with stars for to set up interviews with stars for

The succession of Richmond hits seems endless. After Goodnight, Irene came the great national whatzit, The Thing, followed in turn by So Long, The Roving Kind, On Top of Old Smoky and 'Cause I Love You.

But there's a lot more to the Richmond story than just a long, private Hit Parade. Since The Hop Scotch Polka first skipped into the limelight, something has been happening to Tin Pan Alley. There's more spice in our musical diet. And where do the refreshing new tunes come from? A glance at today's Variety shows that many of them are products of a whole group of young, independent outlits, recent settlers in the Alley who have followed the trail blazed by Howie Richmond.

No longer does the singer or bandleader look first at the label on a new song, to see if the publisher is a powerhouse. To-day it's strictly the music that counts. Chalk up another A for Mr. Richmond.

And speaking of A's, the letters that really mean the most to Howie these days are his grades from New York University, where he's been studying Copyright Law and Medieval Philosophy. At an hour of the night when his competitors are just content to take off their shoes and play the role of Tired Business Man, Howie is dashing to his bachelor apartment from the lecture hall. He puts away his text-books, takes a manuscript from his desk.

"Then," says Howie, "is when my real day begins." (He's only been warming up for sixteen hours.) "I get to work on that play I started back in Provincetown. Maybe some year soon I'll finish it. And maybe then I'll find time to get married."

And thus ends the working day of Howard Richmond, the young man who singlehandedly unlocked a closed corporation, who beat the big boys at their own game—living proof that there's still plenty of room for pioneers in the toughest fields of American business.

Dumas the Manfish

(continued from page 36)

ready for his dive by stripping down to bathing trunks. He donned rubber foot fins, a belt with two pounds of lead weights, and strapped three bottles of compressed air on his back. He fitted his plate-glass and rubber mask over his eyes and nose, leaving his eardrums open. He brought rubber breathing tubes over his shoulders and gripped a rubber mouthpiece in his teeth. In this way, the compressed air came to him through a demand valve. The total weight of the apparatus was 55 pounds.

Dumas went down the ladder into the water, upended himself, and his green flippers vanished into the sea, like the flukes of a sperm whale when sounding. He swam straight down. At 33 feet, he reached pressure double that of the surface; at 66 feet, it tripled; at 99 feet, it quadrupled, and so on down into heavier and heavier pressure. He reached the bottom in 90 seconds. Pressure nine times as great as the surface piled against him, almost three tons in weight. There in the grey-green dusk of the ocean floor he saw that the cable had fouled on a rock. Dumas spent a minute swimming around the rock to gather samples, and then took out his pencil and wrote a message and his name on the 305-foot marker.

Wasting no time, Dumas then swam straight up, faster than his exhaled air bubbles were rising to the surface, and broke water under the rail which was lined with pop-eyed faces. It had been four minutes since he had disappeared. They hauled in the plumb line and read his message—"I am feeling drunk."

Dumas did not undergo decompression and suffered no ill effects from his incredible penetration of the sea. He did not get the "bends", or accumulated nitrogen bubbles in the bloodstream and joints, because he had not spent enough time under great pressure. The drunken feeling passed off immediately: it was caused by pressure on the brain centers. Dumas' ear drums were okay because the human eardrum can adjust to pressure that would drive earplugs in through the drums, After all, the human ear drum was once the gill slit of the ancestral fish.

Theoretically, any good swimmer in top physical condition could duplicate Dumas' 305-foot plunge, but it would be wise for him to have Dumas' 25 years of undersea experience before he tried it.

Dumas' easy invasion of the deep has opened the door to man's last unknown, the encircling ocean which is two-and-ahalf times greater than the land. Dumas is unencumbered with lead shoes, diving suits, heavy helmets, manual air controls, or entangling lines to the diving tender. He swims anywhere he pleases with his Aqualung apparatus, invented by his friend, Commandant J. Y. Cousteau and the brilliant engineer, Emile Gagnan. The Aqualung gives the diver perfect suspension in the water: he can flip up, down and sideways with equal effort. Ray Jurgela, an American diver, said, when he came up from his first Aqualung dive, "You become an underwater angel."

Dumas' first ten weeks under the sea have smashed a lot of things people believe about Davy Jones' Locker, Sunker ships were Dumas' first big surprise. He has explored fifty wrecks, resting from shallow depths to 150 feet down, including wrecked paddlewheelers, foundered cargo ships, scuttled naval vessels and torpedoed freighters, and he has never found a coin or a precious stone! If there were any treasure in wrecks. Dumas could get it. He swims down hatches, along

(continued on page 82)



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companionways, into engine rooms, anywhere he can squeeze through.

Dumas has never found human remains in Capt. Jones' Locker, even in fresh wrecks known to have gone down with trapped victims. The fish eat flesh and the shellfish eat bones. To the fish, a wreck is free prefabricated housing with the pantry stocked.

Dumas has told people who were full of legends about giant octopi strangling divers, that he once pulled a six-foot octopus from a reef and played with it ten fathoms down, and was not injured in the wrassling match. People said he was spinning fish stories. Commandant Cousteau saved Dumas' reputation by making movie films of Dumas waltzing with octopi "downstairs", as they call the depths. On the wild dunes of the Spanish Gold Coast, the divers once discovered a colony of sea lions, who were supposed to be extinct in those parts for three hundred years. Dumas and a couple of other divers jumped into the surf where the huge sea lions were sporting. The pink menfish somersaulted in the water, imitating the plunge of the seals, and the seals then imitated them. After a good romp both parties crawled on their bellies on to the beach to rest, and Dumas lay among the sea lions, tickling their whiskers. The wild beasts carried expressions of surprise at the wierd new species that had joined them.

Dumas has handled many other "monsters" of the deep. The "dread" moray eel slithers away swiftly when Dumas reaches into its cranny to touch it. He goes into submerged caves, which are heavily populated with fish, and takes hold of rock lobsters, parrotfish, trumpetfish, and any other chaps he happens to meet. He swims along sandy patches of the sea floor to stir up sting-rays five feet long. He has touched their "murderous" stingers and got nothing but a tingle. He has never been able to get close enough to the great manta to

touch it. It seems to be the shyest "killer of the deep," according to Dumas. Now, if you think Dumas is handing out a pretty rare brand of fish story, you can check up on him. A couple of undersea films, showing him doing all these things, will soon be exhibited in the United States.

Oddly, Dumas says the most dangerous animal he has so far found is the sea urchin, a dumpy little pincushion which burrows in the bottom sand. If you brush against him, he sticks a bunch of glassy

spines in you,

Sharks are not as bad as that, Dumas testifies. Once he and Cousteau were floating forty feet down in the Atlantic off West Africa, gazing down through their face plates into an abyss twelve thousand feet deep, when five grayish dots arose from the unknown dark and grew into recognizable tiger sharks as they sped up toward the divers. They were ten-foot tigers, a species definitely known to science as eaters of fish, sea turtles and carrion, although there is no proof that they have a taste for man meat. The sharkclimbed to the level of the menfish and formed a ring around Dumas and Couteau, like Comanches circling a wagon train. Each shark had three striped pilot fish in his entourage, one over his back, one under his belly and a midget piloth-h copping a fast ride in the compression wave in front of the shark's nose.

While Cousteau filmed the incident, Dumas got into the ring-around-the-rosy, swam up behind a big tiger and touched his long caudal fin with his bare hand. The molested critter broke formation and swam straight for Cousteau's camera. Cousteau kept his finger on the movie button until the big flat nose filled the lens. Then he banged Mr. Tiger on the snout with the camera, hard enough to jam the machine. The shark broke off. The menfish agreed wordlessly with each

(continued on page 90)



BY LARRY KOLLER

Modeummer offers orthogonal and another the dropping of legal hars on this, our most popular speed, virtually all game and partish are legal quarry. Trout fishing is still good in July in many streams of northern lateral and the principle of the language of August do August d

tion to being an exciting and fascinating sport, a great teacher. It teaches patience in a painless way; how to cope with changing problems, to take the good with the bad. More than this, it keeps the fisherman outdoors—exposed to sunshine, fresh air and the limitless wonder of natural surroundings. Millions of this country's top men are fishermen—fishermen because of the thrills and action they get and the endless challenge posed by changing problems in angling.

Bass, both large and smallmouth, are the angler's basic game fish in midsummer. Widely distributed throughout the 48 states, every fisherman can find base somewhere near his home; city and village water supply reservoirs more often than not teem with base and many of these waters are open to public fishing.

The bass heads the gamefish list of America both in availability and tendency to strike artificials of all types. In fact, a bass is as savage a killer as any creature on this earth. No living thing small enough to enter that cavernous mouth is safe from attack. He'll eat any species of fish he can handle and any form of insect life. He is extremely aggressive, easily annoyed—and invariably hungry.

Vacation Fishing

Vacationists and summer explorers often find themselves faced with strange new waters, with no knowledge of what fish may be within. If fishing is an objective, it's important to have some insight as to the species involved before selecting method and lure.

In northern latitudes the fast flowing, rocky streams with headwaters in the mountains are certain to hold trout. Slower-moving meadow streams, particularly those with mud bottoms and much aquatic vegetation, are almost sure to harbor bigmouth bass, pickerel and various species of pan-fish (crappie, bluegill and bullhead).

Try the trout water with a dryfly, either Light Cahill or Brown Bivisible, or with a 4/0 Colorado spinner. Work possible bass and bluegill water with a bright streamer fly, the 3/0 Colorado spinner or you might try natural bait in the form

of minnows, hellgramites or small frogs.

Ponds and lakes with muddy bottoms and plenty of stumps, lily pads and weeds are usually warm and shallow—ideal waters for largemouth bass, crappie, Northern pike (in northern waters), perch and pickerel. Fish for bass at dusk with a surface plug on the casting rod or bass bug on the fly rod, working shorelines and edges of pads and weedbeds. Try a Dardevle along shorelines and weeds for pike and pickerel. Live minnows in deeper water, either still-fishing or drifting, will interest the perch and crappie, as well as bass, pike and pickerel.

Deep-water lakes with rock or gravel bottoms are a sure bet for smallmouth bass, wall-eyed pike and lake trout. Fish deep near rocky shoreline with minnows, crawfish or frogs for bass; troll deep with wire line for wall-eyes and lakers, using a bright wobbling spoon.



Ministrated by Fred Everall, Counts y of G. P. Putnam's Sons



Fly Casting

Les for fly casting have always been a problem of selection for many fly shemen, probably because the term is casting is a misnomer. Fly casting is the not fly casting at all, since the fly with has no appreciable weight, and it will be more aptly termed linecasting, while a more accurate description of the process. In effect the line is pushed out by the rod and the fly, being contested, goes along for the ride.

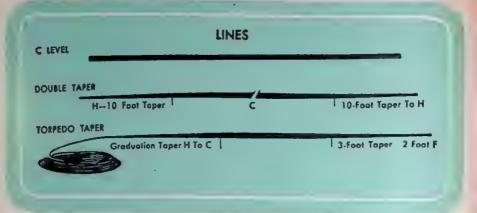
Weight must be built into the line in the to develop the spring action of the od. Soft action rods need a fairly light is stiff, powerful rods a heavy line.

I must always be enough weight in home to enforce full flexing of the rod, this weight, in the act of easting. This

is known as balance or "fit" of line to rod action and is of vital importance to good casting.

Fly lines are graduated in letter sizes starting at A (heavy) and continuing through H (light). Breaking strength is never noted in pounds test because all fly lines are used with some sort of leader material at the end, between line and fly, and such material is of far less tensile strength than the lightest of fly lines in use. A size E level line will test about 30 lbs., for example, and in fly fishing will be used with a leader never more than 10 lbs. test. Thus with fly lines, strength is not a factor, but diameter, or weight, is.

For average trout action rods 8 to 812 ft. long the size E line is about right;



longer, stiffer fly rods and bass bug rods will demand more weight, afforded by size D, C or in some extremes size B. However, it's difficult to make rules in line sizes for specific rod lengths and actions since some variation in diameter will be found in lines of different makes in the same letter size. Also, we now have nylon lines, as well as silk, in the fly fishing picture and nylon lines run about one size lighter, letter for letter, than silk lines. Nylon fly lines float better but cast not quite so easily owing to this lower specific gravity.

Tapered fly lines add a bit more confusion in selecting the right line. Designed primarily for dry fly fishing, these lines vary in diameter in various ways, depending upon their function. The double-taper is simply a level line with a short, tapered section on each end, usually about 10 feet

long, which effects a reduction in size gradually from the main part of the line, which may be size D, all the way down to size H at the end. This design permits delicacy in dropping a dry fly and promotes better floating of fly and leader with less drag from stream currents. Double tapers may be reversed, for longer life.

The torpedo taper is designed for added distance in casting. Here the heavy portion of the line is well forward, making it an easy matter to gain added distance by "shooting" the line at the end of the forward cast. The remaining line, carried on the reel, is of fairly light weight, usually size F, adding facility to stripping and shooting line on the long casts. With this type line all, or nearly all, the heavy belly portion is kept in the air during the cast. Such lines, tapered on one end only, are not reversible like double tapers.

Canoe Trifis

A canoe-camping trip can often be the peak spot in a young outdoorsman's year. No other kind of vacation offers more in excitement and good outdoor living. Many states offer planned canoe trips for vacationers; a letter addressed to the Conservation Commission in your

home state will bring helpful information. New York State, for example, supplies a map showing the route of many different canoe trips, varying from two days to a week. Canoes can be rented for a low fee and arrangements made for a truck pickup at the end of the trip.

Odd Facts on the Ouldoors

Fish have no well developed sense of hearing but they can quickly pick up underwater vibrations through their sensitive lateral line, which, as a nerve center, also performs other functions.

The snowshoe rabbit or "varying hare" carries a grey-brown coat in summer, turns pure white in winter.

Largest whale ever weighed was 89 ft. long, tipped scales at 300,707 pounds, over 136 metric tons.

Only the female mosquito bites and most species need blood in order to produce eggs.

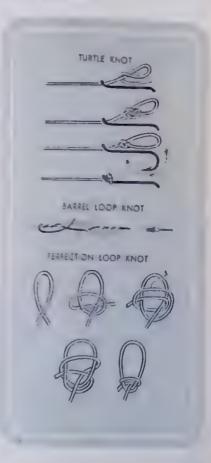
Cubs of the black bear are born during the winter period of semi-hibernation, seldom weighing more than a few ounces at birth.

The short-tailed shrew, common in this country, is one of the most aggressive and deadly mammals in the world for its size. One of the smallest mammals—two inches long and weighing about as much as a nickel, its saliva contains a deadly poison, enabling it to conquer mice and moles two and three times its size. Equipped with a voracious appetite, it normally eats twice its own weight every day.

Seven members of the weasel family inhabit New York State: the long-tailed weasel, Bonapart weasel, mink, skunk, fi-her, marten and otter.

Tackle Knots

Leader filament made of DuPont nylon is the most useful of all terminal tackle. As you would expect of this material, it's extremely tough for its diameter, resistant to fraying, uniform in size, virtually invisible in the water; it requires no soaking before use or in making knots. It's a bit more difficult to tie non-slip knots in this material than with silkworm gut since it resists jamming but the three knots shown will cover almost all a fisherman needs in making leaders and tying on lures; at the same time, you will find that these are strictly dependable.



Tug-fishing is good summer sport where catfish and carp prevail in slow-moving, fairly deep streams. A boat of some sort is needed, to follow the floats or "jugs" downstream and a motor is a big help on the homeward trip. Good "jug" floats can be made by soldering empty quart oil cans end to end and soldering on a heavy loop of wire for an eye. For catfish use a ball of nightcrawlers, strip

bait cut from mullet, suckers or skipjack or fresh meat. Use a fairly large single hook, size 4/0 to 8/0, on a heavy line and adjust length so bait will travel near bottom yet not snag frequently. A dozen

Jug Fishing



"jugs" make a good spread for one fisherman and, when the hooks are baited, they're thrown into the middle of the stream and allowed to float at will. Big catfish, up to 50 pounds. have been taken on these rigs, many Mississippi River Valler fishermen using them commercially. For carp. use worms, doughballs (made of fresh bread mixed with absorbent cotton) or sweet-corn

kernels strung together with needle and thread, then looped, for bait. Use a shallower depth when fishing for carp, and a small hook which can be well concealed within whichever bait is tried

Fishin' Tifes

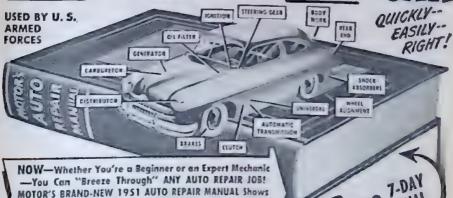
Use a roll of aluminum foil for overnight camping trips and overnight hikes. Whole fish, hamburgers can be wrapped in it for cooking in hot coals from the camp fire. Formed into a shallow dish it fries bacon or eggs in the coals. For a quick meal or two it climinates all need for bulky cooking utensils in the pack sack or basket.

Kill and clean at once all fish you plan to eat, returning all others unharmed. Examine stomach contents of trout, bass and panfish during the cleaning operation. This is an important part of angling lore as it gives highly accurate information on the natural foods gamefish prefer. Nothing is more fundamentally valuable in fishing than exact knowledge of fish diets. Most of the effective artificial

lure designs in use are based on such information.

Carn to distinguish between the two I major species of bass scientifically. Ceneral color is different of course: the largemouth tends toward shades of green. the smallmouth toward bronze or black. The largemouth often has a dark, wide band along the side, hence the name "lineside". Smallmouth, if they show any barred markings, have narrow vertical bars along the side. The rear point of the largemouth's upper jaw always extendbeyond the eye; the smallmouth's to a point below the center of the eye. Your best bet is to count the rows of scales on the gill covers. Largemouth bass will have ten rows of scales, smallmouth from 15 to 17 rows.

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Dumas the Manfish

(continued from page 82)

other to arise the hell out of there.

They surfaced rapidly, saw their ship 300 yards off, and waved for help. When a boat was lowered and started towards them, they put their face plates under and saw the sharks circling them ten feet down, like carved fish on a merry-goround. Because Dumas and Cousteau have made a thousand dives together, they respond telepathically to each other: they made their own circle, revolving closely to watch each other's feet against attack. They had no weapons; the released camera had floated to the surface by its own compressed air supply.

The two rings turned slowly, one inside the other. The divers made sudden, threatening motions with their arms and uttered strident growls to scare the sharks. The

tigers did not retreat.

Then the menfish got the idea of descending from the surface. It is believed that sharks strike only at men swimming at the surface, because they see only the feet and legs from below and figure the lunch is worth going for. The divers went down six feet and kept their circular defense moving. The boat pulling toward them could still trail them by their air bubbles rising to the surface. The menfish were relieved to see the sharks retreat to a wider circle. The wary wheels turned slowly. Dumas corkscrewed occasionally and finally saw the boat shadow come into their umbrella of bubbles. The sailors in the boat jerked them out of the water.

They had been ten minutes in the tiger ambush. Dumas does not conclude that the experience proved tiger sharks will attack men. They returned without clinical proof. The divers thought it over and agreed that they were lucky not to have had belt knives or spears at the time; there might have been an impulse to cut at a tiger, possibly followed by a general doglight when the blood was out. They think the perfect defensive weapon against sharks is the circular formation and wooden sticks as weapons. You can bang the shark with a stick and maybe turn him away hurt, without crazing him. Dumas really doesn't know. He will have to try it before he announces his theory.

Dumas was born in 1915 at Sanary-sur-Mer on the beautiful cliffs of the French Riviera. His father was a schoolmaster, but Dumas has never been in a schoolroom. He went into the water before the first grade and the old man couldn't very well ask the truant officer to lower himself down a cliff and make a dive for Frederic. Dumas studied hard, however, while drying off and when it was too cold to dive, and passed through high school by absentee examination. He lived with his shirt off, and at eighteen, was the king of Mediterranean goggle divers. He was the deadliest spearman in the sea. One morning off Corsica he made five dives with a spear and brought up five fish with a total weight of 280 pounds. Soon afterward he gave up spear hunting as unfair to the fish, and has never carried a weapon since. Sometimes he packs a belt knife to use purely as a tool in prying up sponges or jimmying stateroom doors in sunken ships.

When the Cousteau-Gagnan compressedair lung was developed in 1912, Dumas seized the opportunity to go down deeper and longer. The lung allows shallow dives up to two hours, fifteen minutes, but, as the diver breathes heavier and heavier quantities of air to compensate for presure as he goes deep, there is just enough air for an eighteen-minute dive at 200 feet. When Dumas strapped on the Aqualung, the land saw little more of him.

(continued on page 92)



Dumas prefers the pelagic zone of the sea, which is the sea beyond sight of land. Here the seashore life has given way to the true flora and fauna of the ocean, billions upon billions of living creatures who by far outnumber everything that lives on land. Dumas is most at home fifteen to twenty fathoms down, passing along with languid crawl beats of his flippers, through forests of red coral, in the crowded traffic of the royal liche fish, majestic giants of the mackarel family which are almost never taken on lines or in nets. Dumas

tips his hat to a passing doctorfish and swats the flies of the sea, the sardinellas, who cloud up like muskeg mosquitoes in August. The red coral all around him is a semi-precious substance, which is being dredged from above by business boats out of Tunisia. Dumas could send it up by the ton, but it bores him. That would be like working in a factory. Sometimes he remembers, when he must return to the surface, to pick a red coral branch to give to some girl as a charm against the evil eve.

I'll take Baseball

(continued from page 11)

The lobby of the hotel where we were staying was always filled with middle-aged gentlemen of means who were spending a golfing winter in Florida. They would return from their golf around six each afternoon and gather in the lobby to boast of their virile performances. I would mingle with them, and when some character would talk loudly about an 80 he had shot, I would say scornfully that any ball player on our club could beat him-playing lefthanded. There would be a sudden silence and I would notice the crafty light which comes to the eye of the born sucker. One of the characters would say casually, "Now, friend, you wouldn't want to make a small wager on that, would you?"

Mr. O'Doul was always draped in a big leather chair at this point, and I would point to him and say, "It happens the only ball player in the lobby is a guy named O'Doul over there, asleep. I don't even know if he ever held a golf bat in . . ."

"... golf club," the chump would interrupt icily.

"... a golf club in his hands," I'd continue, "but I got twenty bucks says he can beat you playing left-handed."

The sleepy O'Doul would be awakened and he would protest faintly at the proposition, saying, "How can anyone play the game left-handed?"

"Your friend already made the wager," the golf character would say stonily. The next day we would go to the golf course and other wagers would be made-all sorts of wagers. O'Doul himself would not bet. He gave a good imitation of a frightened yokel who had been hustled into something over his head. Then the match would begin. If the character drove 240 yards, O'Doul would do 250. If the character notched a five on a hole, O'Doul, almost apologizing for his incredible luck, would shoot a four. And if the character got hot and shot an 80 for the course, my boy would invariably shoot a 79. O'Doul was a very good actor; he was also one of the best left-handed golfers in the world.

Golf, as an encouragement to our system of free enterprise (O'Doul and I must have cleaned up \$90 that winter) I can approve of, but as an entertainment it ranks with the long, dreary death threes of Isolde (why Tristam ever bothered with that jerk is beyond me). The ancient game encourages lying, larceny, and wastes more time than does bird watching.

Television has practically taken over all (continued on page 95)

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Beat the Sun with a Fun Hat

1951 may well go down in the annals of men's wear as the year of the unusual headgear. Fun hat (or should we say "beer bonnet"?) pictured here is an off-white straw, was actually inspired by headwear of Virgin Islanders, who have spent a century or two perfecting efficient sun-proof apparel.

sports, and one can foresee the time when football, basketball and boxing will be contested in virtual privacy. The tipoff on these and all other sports (always excepting baseball) is that any time a group is viewing a televised contest you are sure to hear someone say, "Why, it's better than being there." It is, too. In fact, the further away you get from the usual sport contest, the better for all concerned.

You never hear anyone commenting thus while watching a baseball game. Baseball can no more be transferred to a television screen than Beethoven's Fifth can be properly played upon a ukelele. I bappen to be a wild-eyed, screaming, intemperate, highly prejudiced baseball fan, and if you are born like that, what in hell can anyone do about it? A psychiatrist can no more cure you of your obsession than a druggist can make normal the unfortunate lady born as a Siamese twin.

The fact that I was brought up in Brooklyn may have had something to do with my neurosis, but contrary to Doctor Freud, finding the cause does not always effect a cure. Why do I love baseball? Why did W. C. Fields like martinis? Why did de Quincy like opium? Why does Tommy Manville like . . . well, that's how it is.

Major league baseball is, I believe, the most honest of all sports, and if considered as an occupation it is one which is loaded with integrity. One of the great pitchers of our time was Carl Hubbell of the Giants. I have gone into the Giant clubhouse after watching Hub lose a one-to-nothing game, to find the lean left-hander stoney-faced, frozen with despair. I'd meet him the next day and he'd still be suffering intensely. Most players hate to lose; a ball game isn't merely just another day's work to them.

The stormy Leo Durocher has more arguments with umpires than any man in baseball. These arguments stem from his

incredible will-to-win. I have never heard Leo discuss a defeat with philosophical logic. He would break a leg, open an umpire's skull or trade his lovely wife Laraine Day to Republic Pictures if he thought it would win a pennant for the Giants. Would he kill his grandmother to win a game? I asked him that.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "I don't happen to have a grandmother. But if I did, she would certainly be a Giant fan, and if she thought it would help the team to stick her head in a gas oven. I am sure she would do it. Maybe, . . . I just say maybe . . . if she were hesitant, I might give her a helpful shove."

"If you didn't, I certainly would," lovely Laraine, a 100 percent Giant fan herself, chipped in emphatically.

Baseball is the only game that can b played twelve months in the year. It i played on the diamond only 151 days dur ing the season, but we play it verbally the rest of the year, usually at Toots Shor's restaurant in New York, which is national headquarters for the fanaties. Here we make imaginary trades to bolster our team; here we advise this pitcher to lay off that silly slider he's been using and develop a real hook; here we advise the great right-hand batters to crowd the plate against Don Newcombe of the Dodgers, who throws a curve at right-handed hitters that sinks away from the plate; here we solemnly tell a Joe (or a Dom) Di Mangio how he can add ten points to his batting average by listening to us.

What does it matter that none of us ever played professional ball? We are fans, the players accept us as such, and they actually listen to us because, in addition to being players, they are fans too, and therefore are not completely rational. All of the players—even the umpires—make Toots Shor's their headquarters, and we know them and we know their single-minded concentration on baseball. It is

more than a game or an occupation to most of them-it is an avocation to which they are dedicated. They are on the whole a pretty high class bunch. This is especially true of the Yankees, who seem to reflect the personality of their great star, the incomparable Di Maggio.

A baseball writer gets to know the players well, and I suppose it was as a baseball writer that I first became obsessed with the game. But that was twenty years ago, and although I have lived and worked a great deal abroad since then, baseball remains the only game I will walk across the street to watch.

The coatless, tieless, uninhibited bleacherite usually doesn't go into a frenzy unless a half-dozen home runs are walloped. Other fans are more interested in the way a great outfielder plays differently for each batter. Still others concentrate on how the catcher is handling the pitcher, while another group will go into ecstasies only when watching a Rizzuto or a Stanky get

away with a dragging bunt.

Baseball, when you become an aficionado, becomes a contest of grace, of skill, of varied and intricate patterns which the knowledgeable fan can appreciate. Each batter at the plate presents a unique problem not only to the pitcher but to the infield and outfield. When you develop the requisite skill for proper appreciation, you know, for instance, that no pitcher tries to strike out a Ted Williams; pitchers try to make him hit into the dirt of the infield. With a man on first you know that the batter is going to try to "hit behind the runner," and thus lessen the possibility of a double play. And you will know what kind of a ball the pitcher will toss to keep the batter from placing the ball where he wishes. A hundred problems like that come up in every game. You learn the telltale signs that show when a pitcher is weakening. You learn all sorts of things, and the more you learn the more you can

enjoy the game. And best of all, for the price of admission you can become a grandstand manager and tell your neighbors how you would have handled any given situation had you been Durocher or Steve O'Neil or Casey Stengel.

I find this phobia is not an especially rare one. I have seen Tallulah Bankhead go more than usually berserk at a Giants Cardinal game; I have seen such ordinarily well-adjusted characters as John Edgar Hoover, Averill Harriman and Thomas E. Dewey blow their respective tops at close games. I once sat in a box at the Yankee Stadium which adjoined that of Governor Dewey. It was one of the final games of the 1950 season, when the Yankees had to win to cop the pennant. The game was tied, going into the 8th inning. The shamus in charge of the plainclothes detail keeping an eye on Governor Dewey suggested to him that he leave now, as it would be difficult to get him out through the mob at the end of the rame.

"I have no respect," Governor Dewey said icily, "for any fan who leaves a game

like this until it's over."

Governor Dewey damn near made me

a Republican at that moment,

That is how it is with people like us, As far as I know, there is no cure for our condition. I have three autographed photographs in my living room. They are of General Eisenhower, Winston Churchill and Joe Di Maggio. Which one is in the middle? Are you kidding? Oh, mind you, I think Winston Churchill is quite a guy, and Hove General Ike, but for God's sake, do you know that in 1941 Di Mag hit safely in 56 consecutive games, and that he knocked in 55 runs and made 91 hits during that streak, and even in his first year he made 206 hits and he was Most Valuable Player three times, and . . .

(At that point a man carrying a butterfly net approached Mr. Reynolds, to-ed the net over him and took him away.)

The Bull Behind the Plate

(continued from page 39)

"Strike One" by throwing his right arm across his body with one finger extended. If the batter awang and missed, his gesture was perfunctory. If the ball was in the strike zone and the batter didn't swing, the gesture became galvanic, al-

most accusing.

"Strike Two" he called by extending his arm to the right with two fingers extended and with the same variations of violence. The "Strike Three" call on a missed swing resembled the "Strike One" call, but if Klem was calling the batter out a strikes, he would double his fist and swing his arm across his body to full reach with a gesture that was as definite as a father's right cross.

Plays at home plate or on the bases were called perfunctorily, if they were nutine. If they were close, Klem reacted like a couchant lion. He would crouch over the scene of action as the play came to its climax. If the batter was out he would spring from his crouch into a running hop-step-and-jump, swinging his arm across his body as he executed his footwork and bellowing, "He's out!"

If the runner were safe Klem would re-

main in his crouch, moving his handtiolently in a horizontal plane and shout-

ing, "No, no, no!"

Other, less common decisions, were executed with pantomime which left no doubt in the mind of any spectator. If klem were working on first or third and the hall went over the fence near the foul lane, he would jump into position to sight the hall and make violent motions indicating whether it was foul or fair.

When Klem started umpiring in the early days of the century, decisions were rendered by voice alone. It was he who discovered that nothing could be so bad as a delay in communicating the official

verdict in a manner understandable to everyone in the park. If the home fans didn't understand an adverse decision at once, their delayed reaction could be riotous. Hank O'Day and other veterans of his youth laughed at him when he started his acrobatics, but ultimately they copied him when they discovered he got into less trouble than they.

We saw Klem work a hundred times or more, but, wishing to brush up on his techniques, we called on Dolly Stark, his associate for fourteen years. Dolly gave us the Klem gestures during the afternoon hull in the Oak Room of New York's Hotel Plaza, with the captain and a bevy of waiters forming an appreciative audience. He leaped, swung his arms and emitted Klem-like bellows, desisting only when the first dinner guest, a Miss Gloria Swanson, came in for an early pre-theater meal.

Dolly, who is now in dress goods and out of the umpiring business, is an en-

thusiastic Klem disciple.

"The old boy taught me the business," he said. "He made me practice my motions in front of a mirror. He said to me, 'Young man, pay no attention to some of these crookedly smart individuals you run into. If you know the truth, you can fight the world. I would rather see my mother and father dead than to make a decision which would favor them unjustly."

In public Klem wasn't given to utterances of this noble type, though he said frequently and in loud, declarative tones, "I never made a mistake in my life!"

This he did not expect to have taken literally and the newsreels did him a disservice by cutting a camera appearance

Klem said it all right, but then he placed his right hand on his left chest and added—"in my heart." The qualification

was cut and the picture made old Bill look like a mountebank when it was flashed on the nation's screens. We saw the shot in South Bend, Ind. and the audience reaction was loud laughter interspersed with cat calls.

To his associates he talked about "the great art of umpiring." To his friends and acquaintances he told stories of past experiences on the diamond which were frequently funny and always fascinating.

A young reporter listening on the outskirts of a club car session once asked, "But Mr. Klem, did you actually throw John McGraw and 12 Giant players out of the ball park?"

"Young man," Bill responded, "you

have the idea exactly."

When he told the story of a ball game he always maintained he did not remember what the score was or even who won. This was a part of the umpirical philosophy which demanded that the effect of a decision must never be a matter of concern before or after it was made.

Klem, however, was sometimes guilty of carrying grudges away from the park. In the 1934 world series between Detroit and Brooklyn he had trouble on the field with Goose Goslin, who was playing the outfield for the Tigers. In the Book-Cadillac Hotel that night Klem started to get into a crowded elevator at his floor when he saw Goslin in the car.

The latter stuck out his hand and said, "No hard feelings, Bill."

Klem put his own right hand behind him, backed out of the elevator and bellowed in a voice you could hear ten blocks away, "Put it in your pocket, you son of a blank. I wouldn't be caught dead in your company."

Judge Kennesaw Mountain Landis, basehall commissioner, fined Klem \$500 for this outburst, but in the words of Dolly Stark, "The Judge also fined the Standard Oil Co. \$29,000,000, and neither Klem nor Standard Oil ever paid."

The irascible Landis was pretty fond of Klem. Someone once complained that Bill was betting on the horses and the Judge called him into his Chicago office to ask about it.

Landis was not in favor of connections between baseball and the steeds.

"I've heard, Bill," said the Judge, "that you bet on the horses. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir," said Klem. "I bet on them and I have for thirty years. And I pay of 100 cents on the dollar."

"All right. I just wanted to know," said

the Judge. "Case dismissed."

Klem's betting system involved a tremendous amount of bookkeeping which was mysterious to everyone except himself. He paid no attention to form, jockes, or hunches. He just watched the odiboard and noted any horse on which the odds dropped perceptibly between the opening of betting on a given race and the parade to the post. A horse which elicited such a degree of public confidence was noted for play then or later.

He never bet more than two dollar-a race. It was fun for him, just as it was fun to swap stories and engage in a moderate amount of drinking on the train or in the hotel.

Klem was not averse to the notion of publicity, and in the main he liked the stories the reporters wrote about thim. But that wasn't the real cause of hisfriendship with the press. He was a gregarious guy, and umpiring is the loneliest business in the world. The umpires are not supposed to fraternize with ball players off the field, or stay in the same hotel with them, or even travel on the same train if it can be avoided.

The press was Bill's antidote for loneliness at the start, and gradually friendships developed between him on the one hand, John Kieran, Frankie Graham, Tom Meany, Gary Schumacher and such, on

the other. Another of Klem's great friends was Hal Stevens, late founder of the ball park and racetrack concession business now run by his numerous sons and grandsons.

Bill never made friends with a ball player until after the latter had been divorced from baseball, but veterans still active in the profession admired him almost universally, though they sometimes fought with him.

Klem was rough on young ball players sometimes, no doubt on the theory that early discipline would keep them pliable later on. In the days of Uncle Wilbert Robinson, Brooklyn bought a young shortstop named Johnny Jones from Atlanta, He criticized Klem's judgment on a called strike.

Bill took off his mask, said to Jones, "Young man, if you are planning to tangle with me I'd like to warn you that you are tangling with a bird. Get in there and hit and don't expect any favors."

The next one was a little high and Jones ignored it. "Strrrrike two!" said Klem, shooting his arm out viciously to the right.

He also was capable of jumping on club presidents in his later years. Larry Mac-Phail, then of the Dodgers, once complained to the League office that Klem was traveling with the St. Louis Cardinals, during a tight closing race. Ford Frick, the League president, told Klem about it. The latter sought out MacPhail in the Brooklyn clubhouse, poked an accusing finger in his face and shouted at the top of his lungs:

"You, sir, are an apple-head!"

Klem started in baseball in his native Rochester as a first baseman. He had no arm and couldn't expect to go far as a player. After numerous undistinguished efforts he found himself in Berwick, Pa., time-keeper on a construction job.







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Saturdays he was paid an additional five dollars for playing on the company team.

At this time he discovered that Silk O'Loughlin, a friend and team-mate from Rochester, was in the American League as an umpire. Klem announced that he would play no more baseball but would be willing to umpire.

He made a success of it in Berwick. He went to Philadelphia to see O'Loughlin, who warned him against an umpiring career, but he disregarded Silk's warning. He spent two years in New England minor leagues, then went to the American Association.

It was there that he first called on a device which helped him over many subsequent difficulties. One of the A.A. teams had a center fielder who was very rough on umpires. He had beaten up several and Klem was warned about him. Klem was working the game alone. He called one of this fellow's opponents safe at second, then walked slowly through the box toward the plate.

The tough center fielder let out a roar and came charging in. Klem stopped and drew a line in the dirt of the pitcher's path with his heel spikes. Then he took up a position behind it. He was challenging the center fielder to cross the line. The man hesitated, and did nothing.

The next year Klem was in the National League. He used the line challenge then, and many times afterward. No one ever knew what would happen if a recalcitrant crossed the line, for no one in 39 years ever did. Charley Grimm performed several ballet dances with his toe on the line while vociferating in the interests of the Chicago Cubs, but always recovered in time to back away.

No other umpire ever used this method of curbing assault, but almost everything else Klem did was imitated. He was the first to come out with the hidden chest protector worn under the coat. This is standard in the National League. He was the first to umpire behind the plate from a crouch between the batter and the catcher, and that is now prescribed procedure in the National League. The American League still uses the old-style inflated chest protector worn outside the coat, and the straight-up umpiring style behind the catcher.

Klem's field career began in 1902 and ended when he was appointed Chief of Staff of National League Umpires in 1941. He umpired behind the plate exclusively for 14 years, then took his turn on the lases after some of his pupils like Dolly Stark and Bill Stewart attained proficiency in the balls and strikes department. He was given a watch with sixteen jewels by ludge Landis after he worked his sixteenth of eighteen World Scries.

His last appearance on a ball field was in Miami in 1946. The New York Giants had booked an early exhibition game with the Boston Braves and the National League Office had neglected to assign umpires. Klem and Stewart, who had come to watch the game, took over. Klem worked the bases dressed in a Panama hat, a galardine suit and a pair of brown and white sport shoes.

The old boy was supposed to have been seventy-seven years old last winter. Dolly Stark insists his age was minimized by six or seven years, but investigations have neither supported nor eliminated Dolly's theory.

Whatever Klem's age, he carried a truculent vibrance through his career and through his years as Chief of Staff, from which position he ultimately eased into a trement.

He was the roughest umpire with whom the National League ball players had to deal, but those who played in the years of his dynasty maintain, in the ratio of three to one, that he was the best.

there'll never be another like him.



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White Plus Tartan for Formal

It'll be white for formal this summer. The single-breasted dinner jacket with shawl collar points up the neat-but-casual look, and the tartan tie-and-cummerbund combo add the necessary dash of color. The double-breasted jacket is now waning in popularity.

Fm No Cheese Champ

(continued from page 14)

when I'm sitting in a place listening to Charlie Yardbird Parker or George Shearing or one of the other bopsters, guys come up and crack wise about me being champion. It doesn't annoy me; if I can find time for it, it's an interesting topic for discussion. I feel as though I ought to show such guys that their eyes've been clouded with dust. I want to clear it up for them. And that's what I'd like to do right now. There's been so much printed that isn't necessarily accurate, I'd like to clear things up.

In the first place, I don't honestly know if I could or couldn't have taken Joe in his prime. The only way any person could find that out would be to turn the clock back and put me, the way I am now, up against Joe as he was in 1937 when he knocked out Braddock for the crown. I was sixteen years old then, just starting to

fight as a welterweight.

Thirteen years is a long time, and I've noticed that boxing styles change over a period of years. Today it's more scientific, more refined than it was even when low heat Braddock. I don't think the finiters of past years had the smoothness or the ring generalship that fighters have to have although Gene Tunney — I've seen him in old movies—looked to me like a clever lover for his period. The older boxers moved a little more roughly; today we're more deliberate. It's really the art of self-defense today, and I think hovers generally are better.

I don't know if I would have beaten I se Louis, but I do know that I wouldn't the avebeen knocked out the way some ment who lought him were, and I know that I would have made things a good bit more interesting for him than many of his opponents did. And I'm not altogether certain that I

wouldn't have taken him.



Totack here if Veteran

What League Are You In?

Test your fanability with these ten questions. Batting 1.000 rates you a Major League Boxseat Manager. .700—Promising Rookie, Triple-A Bleachers. Under .500—to the showers, bud.

- 1. Has a fair ball ever been hit out of Yankee Stadium?
- 2. How can a team make six hits in one inning without scoring a run?
- 3. How can a batter drive in three runs without hitting a fair ball?
- 4. Did Ty Cobb ever leave a game for a pinch hitter?
- 5. Which U. S. President initiated the custom of throwing out the first ball of the season?
- 6. The batter swings at a pitch, resulting in a foul tip that goes directly in the catcher's mitt. A baserunner steals second on the pitch, Must he return to first?
- 7. How can a batter have 10 pitches served to him, none of them fouls, and still be at bat?
- 8. Who leads the National League in lifetime shutouts?
- 9. Who pitched a no-hitter in the World Series?
- 10. Did anyone ever strike out more than 1,000 times in his major league career?

Answers on opposite page.

From Official Encyclopedia of Baseball, by Hy Turkin and S. C. Thompson As to Joe being past his prime when I fought him last September—well, in all my eighty-odd pro fights, no man ever hit me harder with a left. I've been fortunate in the ring; all I've got in the way of scars is a closed cut under my left eye. But I've been hit so I noticed it. And I've been beaten. Ken Overlin did it, Jimmy Bivins did too, and Lloyd Marshall scored a TKO over me in 1942, the only time they ever had to stop a fight for Charles.

Joe put across some pretty fair lefts back there in that fight we had. Many people who saw it thought that I could have put him away two or three times. Some even said I wasn't extending myself and that I was carrying him along. Others claimed I'd agreed to fight him because he needed money to pay his taxes and I felt sorry for him. None of these things are true. You can't play Joe Louis cheap. He's still much wiser in the ring than many people give him credit for. They told me I could hit him with a certain type of blow, and I found out I couldn't.

If there's anything I hate, it's excuses and I want to make it clear that I'm not making up alibis here. But here's what I have to say about my performance in that Louis fight. Before every fight, they give you tape for your hands, and I never use the full amount they give you. About the second round, my hands started to hurt. I couldn't put as much steam in my punches as I wanted to because they were hurting, I don't think there was any other reason for my behavior—no psychological reason, as some people have said. These experts claim that I was playing it safe because Joe was my boyhood idol and I didn't want to hurt him. I laugh at that: no matter how well I know a man, when I'm in the ring with him I'm out to win. When I faced Joe Louis, all my boyhood admiration was long gone. I'd fought him once before in an exhibition in Texas, and I well remembered it. The only thing about the way I felt, I felt as though it represented something big to me—my chance to prove I was the champion.

I've been criticized because I stay cool in the ring. It's not in my makeup to get sore, and I control myself and keep myself from getting vicious because I can't take the chance of getting hit by the lucky one. I've seen too many guys that's happened to. I'll fight anybody who comes along. and I'll defend my title as many times as people will pay to see the fight, but I won't change my style. I've developed it over a period of years, partly by imitating great fighters, partly by watching skillful club fighters, and partly by adding things of my own. I listen to my trainers constantly, and I believe I know what I'm doing when I step through those ropes. But I also feel there is always room for improvement.

As for my giving Joe that fight out of the goodness of my Christian heart, that's a lot of the purest jive. Louis took the bigger share of that purse, even though he was retired and I was the official NBA champion. I only got 20%, and no guarantee of a return match in case he beat me. It was a pretty raw deal the promoters made, I thought, and Jake Mintz, my manager, screamed bloody murder. But we had to take it, because I needed the recognition. I had to beat old Joe.

After I won, I began defending my title against anybody who felt good enough to challenge me. Some sports writers didn't think some of these men were very good. When I fought Lee Oma, some writers described it as a waltz. Jake Mintz says he's heard that Joe Louis refused to fight Lee Oma for two years because Oma had the reputation of being a fighter who could make any other fighter look bad. I don't know if that's true, but I know that none of the title defenses was a cinch. I don't look on any fight as a cinch—and I'm sure the sports writers would be a little less eager to call Oma, Barone, Be-

shore, Valentino and Lesnevich bums if they had to go in the ring with them.

Some people seem to forget that Joe Louis defended his title against a good many guys who were not exactly regarded as world-beaters: Harry Thomas, Jack Roper, Johnny Paycheck, Al McCoy, Red Burman and Gus Dorazio. There were some good boys in that list, but they too were called burns by the same writers who speak so condescendingly of the men I've fought.

That last fight with Joe Walcott in Detroit was no picnic, either. There in the last few rounds he put up a great battle. I guess he must have pulled strength from somewhere that the sports scribes didn't (continued on page 107)

What League Are You In?

Answers to questions on opposite page.

- L. No.
- 2. The first three batters single, loading the bases. Pitcher picks runners off second and third. Next two batters single, refilling the bases, Next batter hits a grounder that strikes the leg of a baserunner, for an automatic single and automatic out.
- 3. With two out, the batter bunts the hall along the third base line. Just as the ball rolls foul, the third baseman throws his glove at the ball and hits it in foul territory for an automatic triple, which clears the bases.
- Yes, once in his first major league season, in 1905.
- 5. William Howard Taft, in 1910.
- 6. 30
- 7. The batter comes up with two out and one man on base in the third uning. After the count on the batter runs to 3-2, the runner is picked off base. Batter comes up again to start the fourth inning, and runs the count to 3-2 again, for a total of 10 pitches.
- 8. Grover Alexander, with 90.
- 9. Nobody.
- 10. Yes, Babe Ruth had a total of



Mesh and Flannel Casuals

White sets the style for informal wear too. When the Harvards and the Yales stroked it out in the New London Regatta, the winning dockside combination was this ensemble of mesh shirt and flannel walking shorts.

know about, because they all claimed he was washed up. If he was washed up in our fight, I hope I don't have to meet too many washed-up fighters! Joe has great heart and courage and a good punch. He hit me a couple of good ones, and after it was over I knew I'd been in something. But there was never any doubt in my mind that I could take him.

I've always recognized that following Joe Louis as a champion would be hard. He was a great champion—maybe the greatest of all time—and the public paswith him all the way. After a man like that steps down, there's a natural reaction on the part of the public against the next man who comes along. Gene Tunney experienced it after he succeeded Jack Dempsey. I'm going through the same thing, the way I look at it.

It actually doesn't make much difference to me. It's just another fight in a life that's been something of a struggle all the way. Everything I've got, I've had to lattle to get. I was born on May 7, 1921, in Lawrenceville, Georgia. My first name comes from the doctor who brought me into the world. Dr. Webster Ezzard, My father's name was William Charles, and my mother's was Alberta. We never had much money in our family, and when I was fairly young my parents separated. I was taken to Cincinnati by my grandmother, and I lived there with her and my great-grandmother. They were the ones who raised me.

Since I've been fighting, I've been partially able to repay those good women for all they did for me: I've bought a house, and a car, and some of the other things they never had a chance to have. I still stay at home with them when I'm in Cincinnati, and when I'm in Pittsburgh I live with my wife. I never made a public mnouncement of my marriage until I'd been married some time because the way (continued on page 109)

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

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By Henry Stepp Beauty, Kentucky

"I enrolled for the Speedwriting Shorthand Course and mastered it within a few weeks at less than an hour a day." Before enrolling I had spent considerable time trying to matter a symbol system. Yet with Spendwriting I was writing short, hand at 100 words a minite only a few weeks after stanting the course. Any pesson who shoes the alphabet can master Speedwriting easily and effect with.



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Double Duty Odd Jacket

The odd jacket in white is the summer season's most versatile item. It's appropriate for all but strictly formal occasions: can be dressed up and worn with slacks, or dressed down and worn with walking shorts. Both modes are shown above as worn by many undergraduates at the Princeton Houseparty Weekend.

I figure, a man's personal life is his own.

When I was a boy, my grandmother was pretty strict with me. She taught me manners and she made sure I always was dressed neatly and was clean when I went to school. Maybe that was one reason why some of the fellows thought I was hincty—stuck up, or snobbish. It wasn't that. I was a pretty shy boy, that's the truth of it. Like the times when they were giving school plays: I thought I was a pretty fair actor, but I always held back and didn't

go out for the parts.

Fighting did quite a bit for me in that line. I think that could be true of anybody with a complex of shyness; fighting will help wipe it away. I don't feel as shy as I used to. Recently I've even been studying hypnotism for fun because it's something I can do at parties—after all, if I'm out somewhere, and it comes my turn to amuse the people I'm with, I can't just get up and shadow box. I've been able to really hypnotize some people because I've studied it, but I doubt if this will ever help me much in the ring. The action's too fast, and the other guy wouldn't pay attention to you anyhow.

I went to elementary school in Cincinnati and later to Woodward High. I didn't enter until I was nine because of moving up from the south, and I never went to college later. I've regretted that, because I was always a fair student, particularly in history. I like languages, too; I can speak Italian now—I picked it up while I was in the Army in Italy.

While I was in school, I had the same desires that any kid might have. For a while I wanted a bike, then a pony, and then a bike again. I never got either one because we didn't have the money. Later I wanted other things that I couldn't have for the same reason, and I was determined that I was going to get them and make it possible for my folks to get the things they wanted, too. (continued on page 111)



Had Never Written a Line, Sells Article Before Completing Course "Before completing the N.I.A. course, I sold a feature to Screenland Magazine for \$50. That resulted in an immediate assignment to do another. After gaining confidence with successive feature stories, I am now working into the fiction field.

I am now working into the fiction field. Previous to enrolling in N.I.A., I had never written a line for aublication, mor seriously expected to do so."— Gene E. Levant, \$16 West Ave. 28, los Angeles, Col.

To People who want to write but can't get started

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Plaid Trunks

You won't get lost on the beach in a pair of these outspoken plaid-withwhite trunks. First worn at southern resorts, this type is now available in men's shops all over the country.

That was what got me interested in fighting. I read Joe Jinks in the funny papers, and there was a boxer in that strip, and I followed Joe Palooka all the time. Joe was a good, clean fighter who made money at his profession, and I admired him. At that time I was a pretty skinny kid, and although I'm still not what I would call well-developed, whatever I am, boxing did for me. In those days I never went out of my way to pick a fight, but when one came along I never ran away from it, and whenever I was cornered by tough kids I usually came out on top. Pretty soon I got a reputation as a man you could depend on in a backyard fight.

A friend of mine saw me in one of those un-cheduled fights one day and said I ought to start working out in a gym he knew of where boxers trained. I went there and started training myself; I was about fourteen then, and that whole year I only missed two days of training-Christmas and New Year's. Then I went out for the amateurs, and I had pretty fair luck. I won the Cincinnati Diamond Belt welterweight championship and the Ohio ALL title; the next year, I defended both of them and retained them and won the Golden Gloves middleweight championship. My amateur record was perfect; I won every tournament I entered-about 10 fights. I took the Chicago Golden Gloves and the National AAU title in San francisco that same year.

finally it dawned on me that in a way was wasting my time. All I was getting for the amateur bouts was a flock of modals, cups, and wrist watches, but I nasn't doing anything about fulfilling those desires of mine. There was only one thing to do: turn professional and fight for money. My folks were very much opposed to this proposition. They wanted me to study cabinetmaking, or pharmacy, and my grandmother's great hope was that

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ORGANIZATIONS: Write for Fund-Raising Plan FANNOUR COP. Deptately 200 FIFTH AVE. IL V. 10, IL V. I would be a lawyer. But I knew that I had

to turn pro.

I was sixteen years old, still in high school, when I had my first engagement for money. It was in Covington, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati, with a boy named James Johnson, and I was plenty nervous. On top of that, I had a bad wrist that night and had to fight him with one hand. I won, and that was the last time I ever was nervous before a fight. Today I consider going into a fight the same as any man considers going to his job; to me, it's a hard way to make a good living. Before a fight, I try to plan out in my mind what might happen, but I never worry and I never consider the possibility that the other man might winif you do that, you're licked before you start. I'm not jumpy in the dressing room, the way some fighters are: I like a dressing room where guys are talking, joking and moving about.

Since I regard fighting as my business, I try to stay in business. I train pretty steadily—that is, I seldom get out of shape—and I do roadwork and work out in a gym two or three times a week. I don't watch my diet too carefully, but I don't eat rich foods; I just eat what I need. One thing about being a fighter, you have to give up a lot of things that other fellows enjoy—smoking, drinking. and

carousing with the chicks.

If there's no fight coming up for me in a couple of weeks, I may relax two or three nights out of the week—I like to go and hear bop and sometimes they let me play with the band. Two years ago I bought a bass fiddle, and I enjoy whaling away at that. I've often thought that after I quit the ring I might take out my own orchestra—but that would just be for a time. Mainly, I'd like to go in the real estate business, and that's what I'm saving my money to do. It's kind of hard to save money of late, what with the high cost of

being a champion and the tremendous taxes. In 1950 I grossed about \$70,000, but I may do better this year; I hope to earn around \$250,000, if everything goes all right.

After I turned pro in the Johnson fight, I went on with it, and as I got bigger and heavier I naturally kept advancing in the classes. At one time I won 42 consecutive fights, a record I'm proud of. I was doing pretty well until the Army grabbed me in 1943. I was in a little less than 3 years: I served mainly in the 115th Trucking Battalion overseas in North Africa, Italy and Sicily, as a driver. I had some temporary duty to do some boxing in the Army. While in the service, I lost to Jimmy Bivins in 1943, and I also had that bad time with Lloyd Marshall, the only time I'd ever been TKO'd. After the war l started fighting as a light-heavy, and that was when I began thinking seriously about the championship.

The road up hasn't been an easy one, and I've had some tough breaks. In 1946 I won ten fights, six of them by knockouts. In 1947 I took eleven, seven of them by knockouts. That was the year I knocked out Sam Baroudi in Chicago, and he died later. It was the worst experience of my life, and I felt as though I ought to give up the ring. But Sam's family talked with me, and they were so nice I gradually came to understand that it wasn't altogether my fault. I still think about Sam a good deal, and when I do I don't feel so

good about the sport I love.

Even though I regard boxing as my way of making a living, I want it to be clear that I do like it—if I didn't, I wouldn't stay in it. Last year I was hurt in Chicago—while working out in a gym, I had some cartilage dislocated near my heart. The doctors said I had to rest three months, and some of them said I might never fight again. I was really low when I heard that; I couldn't stand knowing that for the rest

of my life people would look at me and say, "That poor fellow was a boxer, but he had to quit because of his heart." Fortunately, after I took it easy for a while, the doctors said it was safe for me

to go back in the ring.

In 1947 and early '48 I really started to move, I had one setback, the Elmer Ray fight in New York, but when they gave him the decision one of the sports writers said it was the most outrageous decision he'd seen in Madison Square Garden in a long, long time. In September of 1948 I showed Jimmy Bivins that he couldn't beat me the way he had when I was in the Army; I took a fight from him in ten rounds in Washington. Then, in April of 1949. I met and defeated Joey Maxim in Cincinnati for the light-heavy title, and then Jake Mintz and I figured I was ready to meet Walcott for a shot at the championship that Joe Louis had vacated.

The rest of it is all pretty familiar, I guess. Today I find that being on the top isn't hard to take, not at all; I don't mind the autograph hounds—if they get too pestiferous, I just excuse myself. I like to hear people say on the street, "There's Charles," like they were surprised—it's a great feeling for a guy who was once a

poor, shy kid.

And I don't mind too much the way the public has reacted—the only thing, I figure I've got to go on fighting my best to show them I'm worthy of being a champion. Once, after a decision that the good didn't take too well. I made a crack about Stephen Foster-I said they didn't appreciate him until he was dead, and maybe that was the way it would be with me. I may have sounded bitter, but I wasn't. I want to be a good fighter as long as I'm in the business-and I think one it to the Negro race to be as good a man as Joe Louis to prove by example that color doesn't mean a thing in this life.



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What Are Your Best Years?

(continued from page 21)

complishment. And there's no dream job to be had without it.

You might put it in form of a rule: Up to 35 is the time to spade, sow, weed and fertilize your chosen field. After 35 is the time to take it easy and harvest.

Nobody in this country is born to be anything except an American citizen. The "born" actor, the "born" salesman or the "born" industrialist—who, the press agents would have us believe, enters life with a professional spoon in his mouth—simply does not exist. Out of 20,000 dif-

ferent jobs listed by the government, there are bound to be several dozen for which your aptitudes fit you perfectly.

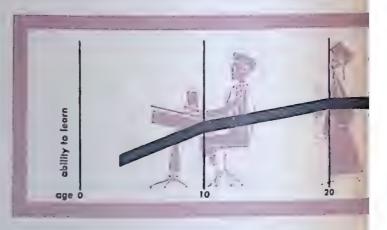
Ever take an aptitude test? Then you've probably found, to your astonishment, that you are harboring enough aptitudes to fit you for a whole page of Want Ads. Didn't know you

had it in you, did you? But before you rush off to hire an accountant, don't forget that aptitude tests can only furnish you the direction of your future—not the destination. They can also be misleading. Discovery of a dominant aptitude may well launch you into the wrong career.

It's equally risky to ignore aptitudes and grab the first job to come along with reasonable pay. Maybe things will go fine for a while. You learn the tricks of the trade, you get a fancy title and a raise with it. Pretty soon you label yourself an A-1, bona fide specialist, and presto—your

career is banking or wholesale dresses or printing, even though you never planned it that way at all. Then, vague dissatisfactions begin to pile up. You wake up in a sweat in the middle of the night, with a feeling gnawing at you that you aren't making the most of your abilities in your job. Still, you're too far into the game to pull out. The experience, the information, the title and the raise—you just can't throw it all out the window.

This sort of flying blind can only lead a career to a certain crack-up. Get a line



on your aptitudes. Take a test. Go over the list of aptitudes revealed, and the kinds of work they lead to. Consider your desires and your ambitions, then go down the list asking yourself the big question: "Is this the profession I want to tie myself to for life?"

Aptitudes can pay off quite handsomely in the first inning of a career. But don't count on them to support you happily through the next eight! The time must come when a man is expected to make good on the promise of his aptitudes. They are, after all, just the foundation on

which you can build experience and judgment—the qualities that pay off. There are no sadder characters in our world than middle-aged bright young men, people who go through life showing promise, and little else.

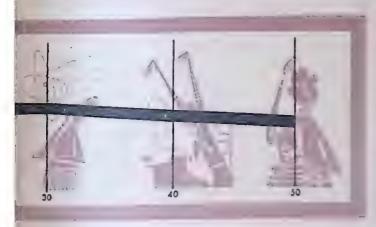
The professional world is full of traps. One of the commonest—and one which can be spotted, with a little analysis—is the Dead End Job.

Say you're working for an advertising agency. "Son," says old C. J., the boss, "you're a natural agency man. My right arm. Couldn't do without you." Reflecting proudly on your last raise, and the new house that's almost paid for, you

Most cul-de-sac jobs carry signs by which they can be spotted. Better to look for those signs when you're young unless your goal in life is an inscribed gold watch, token of thirty years' faithful file-clerking.

To spot a dead-end job, ask yourself these questions. How far up does the ladder reach? How far have capable, middle-aged men climbed? What stopped them—nepotism, stock control? What would you have to do to break out of the rut of half-success if you were middle-aged?

A second career trap, and one loadewith very appetizing bait, is the job



Charl showing ratio of age to learning ability. As you see, the facility to learn increases swiftly up to the age of 20, but declines slowly - epidesce that old dogs can learn new tricks. Remember always that in acquiring such new skills as typing or shorthand, progress comes in spurts as a rule-with intervening periods of backsliding.

think that for the first time, the old boy is dead right. Twenty years in a great business—and a future that looks even greater. When C. J. retires, you'll take

Then, coom! You'd forgotten about something. C. J. Junior comes out of college. And who takes over the agency? C. J. Junior, naturally. With your severance pay in your pocket you kick yourself around the block. What a blind fool you were for not foreseeing this twenty years ago, when that young dead-beat was bottling around on a tricycle!

padded with security. Security gimmicks—tenure laws, civil service protection, guaranteed raises, pensions, etc.—are sure signs of inferior pay. In the long run, it's the occupation full of risk and hazard that pays off the most handsomely.

Security only comes with a price. The man who settles for it generally has to forfeit his chance at the jackpots which the creative, adventurous, operator hauldown. The man who starts his own husiness, launches a new product or promotes an invention, has no guaranteed security. He may fall flat on his face. But he may

also get into the big money.

In planning ahead for your best years, study a preview of the U. S. at a time when today's trainees will be in their peak years. Here the best indications are

population trends.

One fact is apparent: a big bulge in purchasing power between 1962 and 1970, when the millions of "war babies" of the 1940's will be setting up housekeeping. They will be crowding the market for all sorts of domestic items, everything from oil burners to baby bottles. The trend should continue towards small families; this means more money spent on individual members for non-essentials. The minute the food bill goes down, Mother gets that new fur coat, Pop starts scanning the fly-rod ads, and Junior goes wheeling off on his new roller skates.

Therein lies an invaluable clue to the career-seeker. Everybody has to eat, but that doesn't make a grocery or a diner a sure-fire venture. The human stomach has its limits, and when it's filled nobody is going to spend more money for food he can't eat. The shrewd careerist picks a field in which the spending potential is unlimited—things people buy to impress their neighbors, to raise their standards of living, or to entertain themselves. A woman can't wear much more than a two-dollar meal on the inside, but she can easily wear \$10,000 worth of jewelry and clothes on the outside.

The last important item in plotting your best years is what we might call "the geography of opportunity." In other words, it's the answer to the question: Where should I live to be exposed to the best jobs at the best ray?

best jobs at the best pay?

Opportunities cluster like moths around the bright lights of growing centers of population. There's still some validity to the old-hat counsel "Go west, young man" —if you go far enough west. California, Washington and Oregon are the sproutingest states of the forty-eight, showing a combined population gain of 40 percent since 1940. Texas has gained 11 percent, New York and Pennsylvania 5 percent. But nine states are actually losing population—Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Oklahoma, West Virginia, Nebraska, North and South Dakota and Montana.

What can we make of this population picture? Well, in general, money is made more easily in expanding communities than in those which are going to seed.

On the other hand, even if an entire state is shrinking in population, it's bound to have certain communities that do better than others.

A good work-climate barometer is the movement of workers to or from a region. The working population of the Pacific coast is growing two to three times faster than the national average. In the Great Plains the working force is beginning to decline. The vast industrial basin of the Great Lakes is also below the national rate of growth. The South, however, is a coming land of opportunity, for its working population is increasing 25 percent faster than the average for the country.

Workers go where the jobs are. And where the workers are, there is money

waiting to be made.

And that is precisely where you come in, ready to get the most out of your career. Don't forget the five clues: get a line on your aptitudes, build the solid foundation before you're 35, avoid the snares of dead-end and security jobs, look for people with purchasing power, then strike out for a growing part of the country. Maybe you won't wind up an industrial giant, but if excitement and a deep sense of satisfaction were measured in dollars and cents, you'd be a multimillionaire in what would be truly the best years of your life. Oh yes, there's one other clue we neglected to mention.

Good luck.



Armed Forces

Condensed from the book Howas Get these in the Armed Fore , by Reuben Horchow, Copyright 1951 by Reuben Horchow, published by Doubleday & Co., inc.

Tests are not always perfect, and once in a while a pretty smart man doesn't do as well as he should. So, though tests are very important, good men have other ways of showing that they're good. But if a man's tests don't show up well, it is usually harder for him and it takes longer to make people recognize his worth.

Tests start at the very beginning of your Service career. The Armed Forces Qualification Test (usually called AFQT) is used by all of the Services. Some inductees have had the idea they can keep out by not trying very hard on this test. That, of course, is unpatriotic-but also, it doesn't work. The personnel people at induction stations have a pretty good idea about who should pass the test, and they also have ways of finding out if a man is "faking." So when they spot these few, their scores on the test don't count -they're inducted just the same. And they start their Service careers on the wrong foot.

Your AFQT score is important in itself, even though other tests are added later. For example, if you enlist in the Army to go to Officer Candidate School, unless you have scored 65 on the AFQT, you cannot be selected.

The AFQT is just the beginning of

Sample Vocabulary Test

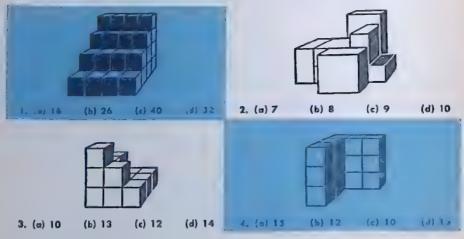
- If a report is verified it is (a) changed
 confirmed (c) replaced (d) discarded
 corrected
- 2. A clerk who shows forbearance shows (a) severity (b) hypercriticism (c) quietness (d) tolerance (e) thankfulness
- 3. Two farms lie close to each other, but not in actual contact; they are (a) adjoining (b) abutting (c) touching (d) adjacent (e) united

tests, for it's only a general test. Each Service has "batteries" of tests that tell much more about you.

Once you have been accepted by the Army, either as an enlistee or inductee, you get what is known as the Army Classification Battery, which includes the following:

Reading and Vocabulary Test. Tests your

From AFQT: How many boxes in following?



ability to read and understand printed matter and your knowledge of words and

their meanings.

Arithmetic Reasoning Test. Tells how well you know arithmetic; not necessarily just plain addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, but solving problems with arithmetic.

Pattern Analysis Test. Reveals your ability to work out from flat patterns the shapes of the finished product, or from a picture, tell the number of blocks in a

pile stacked in various ways.

Mechanical Aptitude Test. Shows what you know about machines and mechanical terms, and how you would work with engines.

Army Clerical Speed Test. Reveals your ability in clerical work, such as filing,

checking, making entries, etc.

Army Radio Code Aptitude Test. Determines your knack for learning to receive and send radio code.

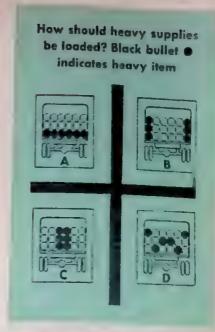
Shop Mechanies Test. Your ability to handle machines such as lathes,

power saws, etc., is tested here.

Automotive Information Test, Electrical Information Test, Radio Information Test, All these reveal what you know about automobiles, electricity, and electrical devices, radio theory and mainte-

Besides these tests, a special Officer Candidate Test is given to men who score high. Typing and Dictation Tests are given men who claim knowledge of these kills, and a Physical Aptitude Test is given men who seem to be good material for motor vehicle operators in order to find any special disqualifying physical defect, such as color blindness.

The Army has many other tests for special job purposes, such as language proficiency tests and various kinds of performance tests for many jobs. Personnel officers and men know when these are to be used, and most men don't need to



From Test for Specialized Skills

bother about asking for them. For a complete test list, consult Special Regulation 310-20-6. This regulation is "Restricted," so that only people with official reasons to see it can obtain it.

The scores of the tests listed are combined in various ways into what are known as "Aptitude Areas" (of which there are ten), and your scores in these Areas are used to guide you into training. One final word about these tests: When you are up for selection for an Army school (you'll find out more about that later), most courses require certain Aptitude Area Scores before you can be admitted. Information on schools and the score prerequisites are contained in the Army School Catalog, Department of the Army Pamphlet 20-21, which can be seen in the training sector of your unit or in the post library.



ptitude Area I is particularly important. Your score in this Aptitude Area is the average of your scores on the Arithmetic Reasoning Test, the

Pattern Analysis Test, and the Reading and Vocabulary Test. Your score here must be at least 110 to make you eligible for OCS.

Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force tests are much the same.

These tests are designed for average people, not for masterminds. Hundreds of thousands of men just like you have taken them successfully. There's no cram book that gives answers to the thousands of questions that can be asked. But you can get a great deal of help in knowing in advance what the tests are like, how the questions are asked and how they're to be answered.

All of these tests are of the objective type—that is, you do not have to write out long answers to general questions. Most of them ask the question and then give several (usually four) answers. One of these answers is right, the others are wrong. Since there are many tests to be scored, the Answer Sheet is so printed that the scoring can be done by an electric machine. If your mark is in the correct space, the machine records it, add- all the right answers, and shows the total on a dial (like a speedometer).



on't worry therefore about writing out answers-you can concentrate on picking out the correct answer, which is there in front of you, and

marking the right space on the Answer Sheet. You will get very carefully worded instructions with each test. Then you will have two or three questions on which to practice. Read the instructions carefully and ask questions if you don't understand.

Usually you won't be close enough to see what another man is doing. If you are, don't try to see his answers. He probably doesn't know any more than you, anyway.

Since machines don't make mistakes, (if your marks are made according to instructions), there will be no mistakes in scoring your paper. That's a final worry off your mind. In other words, you don't have to worry whether the person who scores your paper understands what you mean, nor about his making mistakes in counting your score.



hen, too, all of these aptitude tests have alternate forms. That means that on Form A. for instance, the questions are totally different from those on Form B, but not any easier or any harder. So

the other man may have a different set of questions and his answers won't help you. Finally, these tests aren't a game which you play with teacher. They're aimed to find out how you can best be used in the Service-best for you as well as the Service. If you cheat and by chance get a higher score in, say, Electrical Information, you may be selected later on for an electrician's course at a school. Then, if you really don't know what your test score indicated, you probably won't pass the course. So you've gained nothing, nor has the Service. In fact, you've lost time and opportunity for training and advancement in something you really know and like.

Besides what has been said, you can profit from a few common-sense suggestions. First, of course, don't get nervous or panicky. The other fellows are in the same boat, so your chances are the same as theirs. Second, try to be as rested and as wide-awake as possible when you take the tests. Usually the basic battery of tests is given in one day. There may be as much as six to eight hours of this testing, to try to get a good night's sleep. Don't stay up till all hours chewing the fat with your new companions. That isn't to say that you should be a hermit, but take it easy. You'll have plenty of time later on to explore and to talk.

In order to give you a good idea of the kinds of questions you'll encounter, a few samples are shown in these pages. But don't expect to find here any of the exact questions which you will be asked. The samples only show the kinds of tests and

problems which you will get.

While tests are important, that's only part of the story. Each Service wants to know as much as possible about you, and in each Service you will have one or more interviews with well-trained men who are interested in finding out what you've done, what things you like, what jobs you've had, your hobbies, and a great many other things about you which will help in getting a complete picture.

Und of the Services are constantly scarching for men who can lead others.

Written tests are not too successful in measuring leadership. What you've actually done will often give very good clues. If you've been a foreman—that really means something. Or if you've been captain of a school team, a class officer, a claiman of a committee or club, the opanizer of some activity, a boy scout or camp leader—any of these things and many others are important clues to the the kind of person you are and how you can best serve.

Smilarly, if you've actually worked a carpenter or draftsman or automo-

hile mechanic (or fixed up a "hot rod"), this is often better evidence than just a test.

You yourself may not know that experience has shown these things to be important, and perhaps you couldn't write them out.



t's in the all-important interview, with a skilled interviewer to listen, to ask the right questions, to get your real story, to put down on your record the things that really

count, where you get your fullest and best chance to help yourself. And here's the place for you to give freely and fully. Don't hold back because of modesty or shyness—nor, on the other hand, do a phony build-up. The interviewer isn't green; he's trained to sift the important from the unimportant, the true from the false.

You wouldn't be human if you didn't want to get promoted. Promotion means more pay, more responsibility, and the feeling of having proved yourself. You want to know the rules and whether the system of promotions is on the square. You have no doubt heard all kinds of stories about favoritism, pull, and so on. both from some veterans and from others who never were inside a uniform but who know the "inside" of everything, You can write off those stories; to the extent that human beings can operate a system without favoritism or bias, the system for promotion in each of the Services is honest and fair.

Fhroughout your training, your instructors are watching you—not to try to catch you up on the mistakes you'll make, but to try to find what you've got that will push you along and develop you. They are always on the lookout for leaders and for men who readily

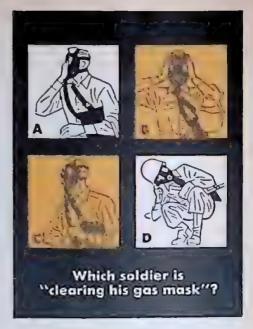
learn technical jobs. During this basic training you will probably be interviewed again, perhaps several times, to find out whether you're good material for the Leader's Course through which prospective noncoms for the combat arms—Infantry, Armored, Artillery, and Combat Engineers—are put after basic training. This Leader's Course is almost a hard-and-fast requirement for getting stripes in these important arms.

Although the Leader's Course and the Army's needs in the combat arms are important, there are also heavy needs for good technicians. So during your training, your records and your progress (together with interviews) will be used in the selection of men to go to Army schools for specialist training. Some of this training takes as long as 42 weeks, so you can see that the graduates are real experts — and all of this school training leads directly to promotion. The full list of courses will be found in Pamphlet 20–21, Army School Catalog.

Up to the grade of E-4 (Corporal—it used to be called Sergeant during World War II) promotions come largely on the recommendation of unit commanders, who base their recommendations on how well their men learn and perform. Men who take courses in Army schools are naturals for promotions. And up to E-1 there's no real limit on the number of men who can be promoted.

men who can be promoted.

In promotion matters in your unit you'll hear a lot about T/O or T/D vacancies. The T/O (Table of Organization) is the organization and personnel chart for your unit. Most headquarters of posts, camps, and stations have a T/D (Table of Distribution) because they vary a great deal in type and variety, whereas units (like a Rifle Company or a Quartermaster Truck Company) are exactly alike. Each T/O or T/D allows for a certain number of men and grades for the various jobs.



Up to E-4, the unit commander can promote qualified men regardless of what vacancies exist. But above E-4, only vacancies can be filled. So it's important to know about the openings in your own unit because they're usually filled from within the unit if possible.

However, even if your unit is filled, there are ways to move ahead. New school classes are regularly coming along, and each Army area (and its units) usually has to fill its quota of men in each grade.

There's another way in which you can get lined up for promotion. As new units of various kinds are formed, older units must send what is called a "cadre" of trained men who form the backbone of the new unit and train the new men coming into it. Cadres are usually picked from the good men who are working for promotion and who are in grades below those which are needed in the new unit. Then these selected cadremen are promoted to the higher grades. So even if your unit looks full, there's this opportunity for you if you don't allow yourself to become discouraged.

Other chances will open up for you if you're alert. It's not possible to give all of them in detail, but just remember that is the Army grows the schools and training courses must expand.

More good men are constantly needed is instructors, and chances for such selection may well come to you if you're good and keep trying. And promotions usually

ome with such assignments.

Besides performing on the job and learning what is laid out for you, you can do a great deal on your own to help along your training. The Army has hundreds of Field Manuals (FM) which cover just about every job and every kind of weapon and piece of equipment. Some of them will be given you or you will be referred to them, but if you want to get ahead, find out about these manuals, get them and study them.

All of the general statements that you've read above about the Army apply to the Navy. It has always had a reputation for helping its men get along, and its system is planned with that end in mind.

As a Navy recruit, you will be guided into the general rating group that suits you best by reason of your aptitudes, experience, ability, and interests. Once you complete basic ("boot") training.



you're promoted to Seaman Apprentice (E.2) (that's at the end of 4 months). You may then be assigned to a ship or shore station where, if you show you're

in earnest and can learn, you may be assigned to a school for training.

As a Seaman Apprentice, or Seaman you are entitled to become a "striker" for the rate of Petty Officer 3rd Class (E-1) in the rating or trade for which you have qualified. You must, however, "strike" (or try voluntarily) for that grade if you want to be considered for

promotion.

You can become a striker in one of two ways. The most direct way is by attending a Class A school. The list of these schools is in the hands of every personnel man (and officer) who interviews you or sees your record. Selection for these schools is made first on the basis of the needs of the Navy and then on the basis of your record in tests, experience, etc.

You may apply for a school at almost any point in your Navy career. You may be surprised at the range of Navy ratings.

Here are 15 of the 62:

Boilerman, Dental Technician, Driver, Electronics Technician, Instrumentman, Journalist. Lithographer, Metalsmith, Musician, Opticalman, Photographer's Mate. Pipe Fitter, Printer, Steelworker, Surveyor.

The personnel man will give you details and help you. If the Navy needs specialists, you may be selected for a school without your request, provided your record makes you a promising candidate. But if you really mean business, you shouldn't wait for somebody to spot you. Make your request known whenever you get a chance.

On satisfactory completion of such a school, you are officially a striker, and you can wear the emblem of the rating for which you're striking on the lower part of

your sleeve.

The second method is quite usual and one by which you can strike for a rate without attending a school. This advancement outside of the Class A school training requires that you be a Seaman (in

Pay Grade E-3). Aboard ship or at a shore station, vacancies will occur either in your division or some other division.

> Always Remember to Consult the Training Manuals -They Are Essential Steps to Your **Navy Promotion**

You may hear of them, or your division officer will know, and he can always be approached. If you know of a vacancy, go to your division officer and ask to be allowed to strike for it. If it's in another division, ask him to see if he can arrange a transfer to the other division for you.

To help you prepare for your promotions, the Navy has a complete set of Training Manuals for every rating. These manuals are issued to strikers and to Petty Officers (most of them are marked "For Official Use Only"). They're called "Navy Training Courses." Navy personnel men have lists of these manuals and will no doubt be glad to let you see some of them.

Equally important is the "Manual of Qualifications for Advancement in Rating." This prepares you for the examinations for each rating. It is, in effect, a study guide.

As Soon as You Are Eligible for a Higher Marine Grade, Prepare for the Two Key Tests

Upon completing recruit training, each Marine is promoted to Private First Class (E-2). Your promotions from then on are on a competitive basis, open to all the eligible men and planned to meet

Marine Corps needs.

As a Marine you become eligible for promotion after serving a minimum time in grade. This minimum time varies with the requirements of the Service (during wartime or periods of expansion the time is shorter) and with the grade (the upper ranks require longer time in grade than the lower ones).

Each time you become cligible for promotion you take two tests. One is the General Military Subjects Test. This test is the same for all Marines, regardless of their field of specialization. It measures your knowledge of the basic military subjects which all Marines are taught. The other is a technical test which is geared to your particular specialty. The specialties or jobs are all found in the MOS Manual, NAVMC 1008-PD (revised 1949), which you can see at any Marine recruiting station or in the personnel office of any Marine unit or camp.

> Study the Marine MOS Manual—and Don't Spurn Training Aids from the Army and Navy

As in the other Services, one way to be in line for promotion is to go to school. The Marine Corps, too, has a fine school system and since many Marine jobs are

much like those of the Army, Air Force, and Navy, Marines may be sent to the schools of those Services as well as their own. General Order 73 contains a list of all these schools.

In the MOS Manual, which describes all jobs in the Marine Corps and which specifies what a Marine must know and be able to do at each pay grade for each job, there is much valuable information which will enable you to prepare yourself for advancement.

In addition, a wide variety of manuals and correspondence courses are available for increasing the knowledge related to

your job.

Many Army manuals cover appropriate subjects, and certain Navy manuals are excellent source material for many of the aviation specialties in the Marine Corps, which are closely related to similar specialties in the Navy.



The Keys to Air Force Promotion — Regulation 39-30 and watching Bulletin Board.

In the Air Force, as in the other Services, promotions come to the men who demonstrate by the way they learn that they are fitted for the higher enlisted grades and the responsibilities which go with them. The basic regulation covering the requirements is Air Force Regulation 39-30, "Promotion and Demotion of Airmen." As in the other Services, promotion may be made on the basis of performance on the job or because of school training.

The Air Force has a very extensive ahool system run by its Training Command. You can get full information about these schools and courses from the personnel officers and men of your squadron or base, but you must ask for it.



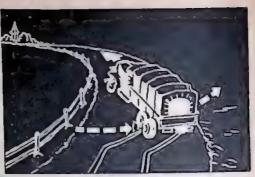
Here, too, as in the other Services, important bits of information are always posted on the many bulletin boards, and these notices should always be watched. No one will spoon-feed you, but if you keep your eyes and ears open, if you look for information and ask questions, you'll find that your noncoms and officers will be glad to help you.

For many reasons, you may want to become a commissioned officer. Prestige, pay, privileges—these are usually among the things that may first come to mind. While these are, in their proper place, good enough reasons, they're the last that really should be considered. Being an officer involves far more than what you get out of it. An officer has many heavy obligations and responsibilities, just as any boss in civilian life has, only more so. He must be a leader, and better at that than any petty officer, noncom or enlisted man. He must work harder and know more. He must plan wisely not only for



If you were the driver of this skidding truck, how would you handle the wheel?





himself but for the men he leads. He must exercise self-denial and great selfdiscipline. It's for these abilities and qualities that he is given grade and pay.

Winning a commission is much the same in all the Services. Each has minor variations, but all of them get officers from the same four sources:

Officer Candidate School

Direct Commissioning from Civilian

Reserve Officers' Training Corps
The Service Academies—West Point
and Annapolis

The Army Officer Candidate School is open to qualified enlisted men (and to qualified civilians who may enlist for this OCS program), regardless of whether they are volunteers or inductees.

To be eligible for OCS, you must meet the following requirements:

- 1. Be a citizen of the United States.
- 2. Be over 19 and not over 28 years of age.
- 3. Be a high school graduate. Documentary evidence is needed, or you must pass the General Educational Development Test (GEDT).
- 4. Get a score of at least 110 on Aptitude Area I.
- 5. You must have completed basic Army training and have completed the Army Leader's Course, Inductors or volunteers

who are still in basic training will be told about their chances for OCS during their second week of training.

6. You must pass a standard officer's physical examination.

The Aviation Cadet Program of the Navy offers another opportunity to get a commission. Both civilians and enlisted men in the Navy (and Marine Corps) may get into this very important training.

If you're still not in uniform, the requirements you must meet are generally as follows: 1. Age: 18 to 27 years.

2. Physical Requirements: Very high standards, particularly on eyes and hearing.

3. Education: 2 years of college at an accredited institution.

1. Selection tests: You must make a minimum score on three tests.

Full details on how to apply for Naval Aviation Cadet Training can be obtained at any Navy or Marine Corps recruiting station or by writing to the Chief of Naval Personnel, Washington 25, D. C., or the Commandant, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

If you are an enlisted man you can get this same cadet training and a commission. General requirements as to age, physical condition and education are the same as for civilian applicants. Instead of the qualifying tests, however, you must, if you're Navy, have a score of at least 115 on the Arithmetical Test and 55 on the Mechanical Test. If you're a Marine, your score on the General Classification Test must be 115 or better and 110 on the Mechanical Aptitude Test.

de de grand de grand de grand de In the past, because of the need for larger numbers of pilots, the educational requirements for enlisted applicants of the Navy and Marine

Corps were reduced to high school graduation. They may again be reduced, so even if you haven't had two years of college, the chance for Naval Aviation Cadet Training may open up.

The Marine Corps appoints approximately one-fifth of its newly commissioned officers from the ranks. To be eligible a

Marine must:

1. Be a citizen of the United States.

2. Be physically qualified.

3. Have a minimum GCT score of 120.

1. Be a college graduate, or pass an educational examination which demonstrates equivalent education.

5. Be at least 20 but not more than 27 years of age.

6. Be recommended by his c.o.

How college can lead to a commission.

The Air Force has two separate officer programs. Though the process is about the same, the qualifications differ.

Originating in the

early twenties, the Aviation Cadet Program has become the traditional source of leadership within the Air Force. The program provides a constant flow of young pilots and navigators for active duty with the Air Force. It also enables the Air Force to maintain a sizable reserve in the lower age brackets.

The qualifications:

1. Age: 20 to 26th.

2. Education: Must have completed 2 years of college (60 semester hours or 90 quarter hours toward a baccalaureate degree).

3. Aptitude: Applicants must pass a written qualifying examination designed to test aptitude for flying.

1. Marital Status: Single, male citizen. Applicants must agree to remain single during the training period.

5. Physical Condition: Good, with high

requirements for eyes, ears, heart, and teeth. For navigators, the eyesight and hearing requirements are less stringent than for pilots.

 Personal Interview: Applicants must have high moral and personal qualifications, as determined by a board of Air Force officers.

This program is open to enlisted men as well as to civilians. If you are an enlisted man, apply to the First Sergeant or the personnel officer at your squadron or base headquarters.

The Air Force needs officers other than pilots and navigators for a large variety of ground duties, such as administration, supply, traffic control, maintenance, etc. Its Officer Candidate School trains both its airmen and civilians for such duties.

You are eligible if you are now an Air Force airman or a civilian 20½ to 26½ years old, with two years of college or able to pass an equivalent examination; physically qualified for a commission as Second Lieutenant, but with less stringent requirements than for the Aviation Cadet Program; and of excellent character.

Unsuccessful candidates who enter OCS from civilian life will be returned to civilian life. Those who entered from within the Service will be returned to their former grade and station to serve the unexpired portion of their enlistment.

During World War II, particularly during the early years, many officers in all Services were commissioned directly from civilian life. Most of them had some special technical or professional ability which was badly needed. Doctors, dentists, chaplains, engineers, chemists, are even now needed in very large numbers, and there aren't enough Reserve officers to fill these special needs.

So, even now, the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Air Force are offering direct commissions in the Reserve to limited numbers of such specialists who want active duty. They're particularly eager to get young men, for the need for Lieutenants and Captains (not Navy Captains, for a Navy Captain is the same as a Colonel in the other Services) is far greater than that for higher grades.

Under the Army Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) program, college students spend part of each of their four years in military training. They receive commissions in the Reserve as Second Licutenants. They may then be called to active duty. Those designated as "Distinguished Graduates" are offered Regular Army commissions.

Similarly, the Navy has its NROTC at many colleges, Graduates are offered commissions as Ensigns in the Naval Reserve or as Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve. They, too, can be called to active duty. Their pay during the four years of college training is the same as that of the Army ROTC.

The Navy has another program through which college students may earn Reserve Commissions. Called the Reserve Officer Candidate program (ROC), it does not require the regular work throughout the year. Instead, the requirements are met through attendance at summer training periods (paid) and successful graduation from college.

Information on the NROTC can be found in the catalogs of those colleges in which there are units.

Be an Indian First

The Marine Corps has no ROTC of its own, since graduates of the Naval ROTC may choose the Marine Corps, but it does have a special kind of officer candidate program for college students called the Platoon Leaders Class.

College students who are at least 17 years old and who will be under 25 on

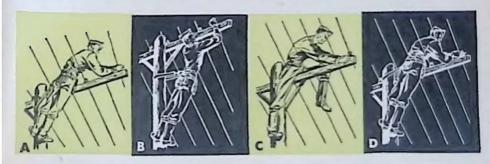
July 1 of the year in which they graduate may enroll. They must have at least two summer vacation periods open for training before graduation. In these two summer vacations, each member of the class spends six weeks in training at the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia.

Unless you have some very special ability and know a great deal about the jobs in the Services, your choice of what you would like to do is probably not as good as the judgment of the trained interviewers and personnel men. They have before them the results of your tests, they've learned a great deal about you during your interview, and they know the jobs and what it takes to be successful in them. Besides, they know what jobs must be filled—that's something you

aiming too high—at something that's beyond your ability. At the same time, don't aim too low; that won't give you much of a chance to show what you really can do. If you don't go around with a chip on your shoulder, if you'll listen as well as talk, you'll be surprised at how well you'll get along and how much more nearly you'll get what you want and like.

If at first you've been assigned to a job you want or to some kind of job other than what you've thought you wanted, take it in stride—and put everything you have into it. At the beginning it will, of course, be an "apprentice" job. If you've got a lot of stuff, your work will show it—remember that you can't be a Chief before you've been an Indian, and

Which man is working in the best position on the crossarm?



can't know. So the best way to help yourself get the kind of job you would like is to go the limit on your tests and to be free and frank in your interviews. You'll find that matters affecting you will be discussed with you much more than you might imagine. You'll find, too, that you will get a great deal of information about what jobs and schools there are for which you can qualify. Out of all this information you may get a bit confused. Take it easy. If you aim for a job, be reasonably sure that you're not

you can't be a good boss if you haven't first been a good worker. Whatever the job, if you give it and yourself a chance, you may get to like it.

If after giving your job a really fair trial you find it's wrong for you, talk it over with your noncom, Petty Officer, or your supervisor. Don't do it in a complaining way, and have an idea of what kind of job you think you can do better—don't just say, "I don't like this job and want another one." Have a good record of trying, a good reason for wanting

Tools and mechanical principles

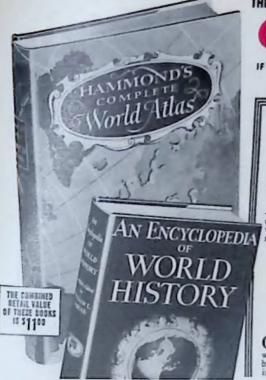


another job, and some idea of what you want. (Be sure that what you want is possible—don't reach for the moon.)

If you go about it the right way, you'll get a chance to talk it out not only with your own supervisor but with the personnel people as well. A man who is always trying to change from one job to another is usually not regarded as quite as good a bet as the man who sticks to his job and tries to move right along up the ladder.

All of the services try to give you every chance to make good, by providing firstrate schools and training material. In addition to this, if you're really in earnest and want to do things on your own time, you'll find plenty of material. Profitable home-study material is all covered in the U. S. Armed Forces Institute (USAFI), whose catalog gives full details on more than 5,500 courses. There are now over 500 Education Centers on posts, camps and bases in various parts of the world. These are organized schools, with competent civilian and military instructors, who teach the classes that the men themselves want, as determined by surveys.

If you work at your job, if you keep alert to the many opportunities for self-study while you're in uniform, you will come back to civilian life with skills which the civilian economy needs, and a better citizen.



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